

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## APRIL FOOLS.

THE rites and ways of ancient days  
Shift with time's ceaseless flow ;  
Old almanacs are no more true  
Than history, we know.  
But two Spring fashions hold their ground,  
Though change all else may rule —  
Still March doth snare her frantic hare,  
And April boasts her fool.

The spring-life's stirred in beast and bird,  
Buds burst their barky screens,  
Nor only trees, but nations boast,  
The freshness of their greens.  
From either Pole, to where her waves  
Our own Britannia rules,  
I look around and see the ground  
Alive with April fools.

France gapes to see her Emperor  
With Freedom's cornice crown  
His new Bastile, which has replaced  
The old one *she* pulled down.  
Figs upon thistles, grapes on thorns,  
Seeks, at his bidding cool —  
Upon such sleeveless errand sent,  
What's France but April fool ?

Italy, still the battledore  
Of Guelph and Ghib'line hands,  
Betwixt an Emperor and a Pope,  
Perplexed and panting stands.  
Of her that trusts to Brennus's sword,  
Or leans on Peter's stool,  
'Tis hard to say which Italy  
Is greater April fool

Grave Germany, 'twixt pot and pipe,  
Book-led and Kant-o'-errun,  
Pores o'er the problem, still unripe,  
How to make many one.  
Professor while in Prince she'd find,  
Or sovereigns in her schools,  
There's Germany, bemused and blind,  
Greatest of April fools.

Turkey,—where diplomatic snips,  
With new cloth patch the old,  
Beneath the Great Powers' smiles and frowns  
Alternate hot and cold,—  
While Franks and Moslemin she trusts  
With even hand to rule,  
And hopes by loans to shake off debt—  
Is sure an April fool.

And thou with Bunkum swoll'n and fired,  
Oh, Jonathan, my son !  
Spending thy million a-day,  
Half frenzied, half in fun :  
Union who seek'st in civil war,  
Freedom in Slavery's school,  
What, oh my Jonathan, art thou,  
If not an April fool ?

And lastly, Mother England, thou  
That sav'st wax-ends and chips,  
While spending thirty millions clear  
In soldiers and in ships ;  
If hoping to see Income-Tax  
(Neatest of taxing-tools !)  
Hung idly up on Treasury walls,  
Thou'rt worst of April fools !

—Punch.

## IRON-CLAD JACK.

## A SEA-SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Go, patter to soldiers and swabs not at sea  
'Bout danger and fear and the like,  
A full head of steam and good iron ship give  
me,  
And 'taint to three-deckers I'll strike !  
Though such shot on our iron sides smack,  
smash, and smite,  
As would shiver a frigate of wood,  
What of that ? sheathed in plate we'll right gal  
lantly fight,  
Till our foes for the fishes be food.  
In armor cased for'ard, amidships, abaft,  
In our sides neither crevice nor crack,  
All safely we steam in our blacksmith-built  
craft ;  
Naught to fear now has Iron-clad Jack.

I said to my Poll, for you see she would cry  
When last we were ordered to sea,  
What's the good, Poll, of sniv'ling, and piping  
your eye,  
When your Jack is as snug as can be ?  
Can't you see how we're armed ; iron plates  
over all ;  
Shot-and-shell-proof from sternpost to stem ?  
Not a man of us now by a broadside can fall :  
And for small arms, we've no fear of them.  
With sheathing well shielded both for'ard and  
aft,  
On the furnace fresh fuel we stack,  
Then running stem on sink the enemy's craft,  
While in safety sits Iron-clad Jack.

Why, I heard our ship's blacksmith explaining  
one night  
That the strength of our sheathing was such  
That, shiver my rivets ! says he, when we fight,  
Not a shot can our timbers ere touch.  
Should a foe heave in sight, to our guns we  
may fly,  
Nor of splinter nor shot feel a dread :  
Pound away as he will, boys, we'll never say  
die !  
For we're proof 'gainst steel, iron and lead.  
We've no woodwork to riddle, alow or aloft,  
No canvas to shift or to tack ;  
Not an inch in the ship that is skaky or soft,  
Shot and shell proof is Iron-clad Jack !

—Punch.

From The British Quarterly Review.

*A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.S.L. With Illustrations, from Illuminations and other sources, drawn and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A. Chapman and Hall.

WE are afraid that the more closely we inquire into the habits and manners of our forefathers, the less reason we shall find for envy or admiration. The "good old times," and the "wisdom of our ancestors," are articles of faith which may be safely delegated to the same limbo with the belief that there was neither wind nor rain on the summit of Olympus, or that there was a period in our history when houses were thatched with pan-cakes, and streets paved with gold. Hills look green at a distance. Contemplated through the haze of many centuries, we are apt to think that it must have been a singularly happy time when ladies lived in bowers, and minstrels sang love-songs and recited the deeds of heroes at high festivals; and that the feudal ages, which furnished the staple of so many charming *fabliaux* and romantic ballads, must have been the absolute ideal of human enjoyment. But as we approach nearer to the hills, scars, and pits, and patches of uncomfortable barrenness begin to appear; and at last we discover that what we took for the softest verdure is nothing but an inhospitable stretch of rocks and quagmires. So with historical research. The illusion vanishes in proportion to the extent of your investigations. However profound our veneration may be for the superior sagacity of the founders of our race, or however fixed our conviction that the times in which they lived were richer than our own in the means of happiness, our opinions on these cardinal points must inevitably undergo modification when we learn that William the Conqueror was unacquainted with the luxury of a feather-bed; that our early British aristocracy lived on the ground-floor, without drainage; that King Alfred had not a chair to sit down upon, or a chimney to carry off his smoke; that the nobles and dames of the most brilliant epochs of our poetical annals eat with their fingers, generally in couples out of one trencher, on the bare table; that when a lady was in an interesting situation, down

even to so late a date as the thirteenth century, she was really "in the straw,"—no other description of bed being known in those halcyon days; that a travelling-carriage was an ingenious invention of modern effeminacy; that the use of forks at dinner was unknown to the royal houses of York and Lancaster; and that it was considered the height of good fellowship amongst the Anglo-Saxons to construct their drinking-glasses in the shape of inverted cones, so that they could by no means be made to stand, and must, therefore, have been drained off at a draught. When we shall have plunged deep enough into the mediæval chronicles to collect a multitude of little particulars like these, we shall, probably, begin to think that the nineteenth century is not so bad an age to live in after all.

Lamentations over the past are amongst the vulgar errors common to all mankind; and the slightest reflection will discover that they are based upon a radical misconception. The old times, as we call them, were in reality the young times. That which we call the wisdom of our ancestors, was the inexperience of our ancestors working out experiments in the dark. Our progenitors were children; we are men. The present times are the old times; and we who live in them are just so many centuries older than the Egberts, the Canutes, the Harolds, and the rest. A man, as Sydney Smith said, cannot go on making a thing for fifty years without making it better; and so we cannot have gone on all this time building houses and furnishing them, inventing patent stoves and kitchen ranges, making broad cloths, carpets, and linen, and summoning to our aid such potent agents as gas, steam, and electricity, with improving upon our juvenile forefathers.

But, as Dogberry says, "Comparisons are odorous," and very liable to commit us to fallacious conclusions. If we desire to judge dispassionately of the ways of those who have gone before us, we must be careful not to set up our advanced condition as the standard. The Anglo-Saxon was himself an advance upon his predecessors, and, no doubt, looked back upon the Picts and Scots with as much compassionate condescension as we, by comparison, look back upon him. As to our superiority, what did he know about it? He did not eat his carp with the

less relish because stewed mushrooms and French mustard were unknown in his *cuisine*; and, ignorant of the scientific details of a dinner *à la Russe*, he was justified in considering his wild and plentiful banquet, with its picturesque accessories, as the perfection of hospitable entertainments. What appear to be discomforts in his household are of our making. They were not discomforts to him, in whom "ignorance was bliss," although they would be insupportable domestic afflictions to us. If we could see things as he saw them, we should, perhaps, lose less than we suspect by changing places with him. One fact, at all events, is obvious—that if he had fewer luxuries he had fewer wants, and, in so far, was better off than the people of this pampered and laborious age.

There must have been in the character of the Anglo-Saxons an element of power rarely found in primitive races. Almost all other early races have died out, and left few or no traces behind. The Anglo-Saxons lie at the very foundations of our language and our institutions. They survive in our speech, in the divisions of the kingdom, the tithes of public officers, the names of towns and hamlets, and in all articles of primary necessity. To Latin and Roman sources we are indebted for our philosophy and our metaphysics; to the Anglo-Saxons we owe the substantial basis of our domestic life. We build our houses to this day with Saxon words. Pillars, beams, stairs, floor, even thatch, are Anglo-Saxon. House and home, husband and housewife, cradles, wagons and carts, and a hundred other words, winding into the innermost recesses of our every-day associations, are all Anglo-Saxon. Bread, butter, and cheese acknowledge the same origin; but beef, mutton, veal, and pork descend from the Normans—a significant fact, which throws a broad side-light upon the culinary history of the middle ages. The obvious inference to be drawn from the lineage of these words is, that "butchers' meat" did not enter very largely into the cookery of the Anglo-Saxons. But we know that they were great consumers of fish, and that the phrase, "kettle of fish," comes from them in its primal sense, because they usually boiled their fish in a kettle, as we continue to do; also, perhaps, in its figurative sense, as an image of incongruity and confusion, because with their fish they gen-

erally boiled, or stewed, miscellaneous contributions of herbs, vegetables, and other ingredients.

Most of our fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables were known to the Anglo-Saxons. Apples, peaches, cherries, mulberries, chestnuts, figs, pines, and even olives were cultivated in England a thousand years ago. The manufacture of cider was in high request under the Heptarchy, when it went by the more direct and suggestive name of apple-wine. Lilies and roses, sunflowers, honeysuckles, daisies, and violets, abounded in the pleasure-gardens, which, from the earliest times, were tended with as much care as the borders of a Chinese pavilion, or the tulip-beds of Holland; and in that region which we should designate the kitchen-garden, there were to be found some of the principal varieties of herbs and vegetables, such as cabbages, turnips, and beans, parsley, mint, rue, garlic, and sage.

Our advance in the way of popular amusements has not kept pace with our progress in other directions. Tops and marbles were familiar to the boyhood of great nations long anterior to the dawn of the middle ages. The arts of roadside conjuring, and of tossing knives and balls in the air, and swallowing them with impunity, were practised in the days of Ethelwulf; and might, possibly, be traced higher up the stream than the Roman invasion itself, if we had any authentic materials to rest upon. From the earliest times down to the end of the fourteenth century, ladies entered freely into the sports of hawking, hunting, and archery. They went out with hawks and dogs, followed the hounds, and used their arrows with considerable effect against stags, rabbits, and all manner of birds. They played nine-pins down to the beginning of the eighteenth century; and even princesses of the reigning family, who were afterwards queens of England, attended the bear and bull-baits in Southwark a couple of centuries before. The Anglo-Saxons were inveterate gamblers—a passion they inherited from their German ancestors. Chess was universal amongst them. It was always played for money, or money's worth; and, being an irascible people, they frequently lost their temper when they lost their bets, and brought the contest to a close by flinging the board at each other's heads. Dice was common to all classes.



Tables, in several forms, was one of the popular games, derived originally, in all likelihood, from the Romans, and identical in principle with backgammon, the tick-tack of the English, and the tric-trac of the French. To the middle ages belong numerous games which still supply recreation to many an English circle. The shovel-board of the Elizabethan cycle has its representative in its more complex and ingenious successor, billiards. Dames, or ladies, familiar to the age of chivalry, come down to us in the shape of draughts. Several of the round games, and in-door pastimes that flourished some hundreds of years ago, are favorite resources to the present day in country houses; such, for example, as blind-man's buff, hot cockles, and frog-in-the-middle. The list might be indefinitely enlarged. Questions and commands, I am a Spanish merchant, a round game said to have been invented by Queen Elizabeth, drawing characters, and endless varieties of forfeits, are amongst the trivial entertainments in which the modern drawing-room takes almost as much delight as the mediæval hall.

Upon the whole, the Anglo-Saxons were a stately and sedate people. They selected the best situations for their houses, on eminences commanding a complete survey of the surrounding country, and well placed for security. And they built them with a main view to the hospitalities which the exigencies of their social intercourse rendered almost the principal business of their lives. The hall was the one great apartment, to which every other, including even the ladies' bower, or chamber, were inferior. Here the chieftain regaled his followers, received his visitors, and kept open house. No person claiming hospitality was refused admittance; but the custom was regulated by a strict code of forms and ceremonies. Strangers made it a point to arrive when the host was "at meat," and calling for the porter, announced themselves as travellers who desired leave to eat with the family. The request being duly conveyed and leave granted, the horses, servants, and luggage of the travellers were immediately provided for, and all visitors, divesting themselves, according to the invariable usage, of their hoods and gloves at the door of the hall, as they had previously deposited their weapons

at the outer gate, entered the banqueting-room, and stood at the lower end till a retainer was ordered to conduct them to seats at the table. The same etiquette was observed upon the arrival of guests who had been specially invited, with this difference, that if the host was a person of inferior rank, he went out to the gate to meet them.

The halls of rich proprietors were hung with cloths, but none appeared to have been supplied with any more costly articles of furniture than a table, consisting of naked boards placed upon trestles, so that it might be taken to pieces and removed when dinner was over, and rude benches, which the luxurious amongst the wealthy chiefs covered with cushions. The table was called the board, because it was literally a board; from whence descends to us the compound phrase of "board and lodging," which encloses the whole rite of hospitality exercised by our ancestors.

When dinner was ended, the table was taken away, and the party sat round on the benches to carouse, make speeches, and tell stories. Then came the harpers and mountebanks to sing, play, dance, and tumble before the company. Amongst some curious mediæval illuminations illustrative of these usages, we find one which professes to represent Herodias dancing before her father, King Herod, at a feast given in celebration of his birthday. The lady's performances on this remarkably jovial occasion closely resemble the athletic exercises of our street beggar-boys, for she is shown first standing on her hands with her feet in the air, and then flinging a sort of circular summersault. These singular feats are repeated in two illuminations; but it is just possible that the artist may have drawn upon imagination for his gymnastics, as he has certainly done for his history, in metamorphosing the matron Herodias into a dancing-girl.\*

Travelling in the days of the Anglo-Saxons and the Anglo-Normans, and even still later, was a serious undertaking. Chariots were known, but they were known only to

\* It is remarkable that such a deliberate mistake, (for the writer has taken pains to show that it is not accidental,) should appear in this Review, the most eminent organ of the Dissenting interest in England. We could not have imagined so striking an instance of ignorance of The Book which King James appointed to be read in churches.—*Living Age*.

very great people, and were used only on state occasions. The highest luxury in the way of a travelling vehicle was little better than a modern market-cart, and was not half so comfortably hung as the rudest specimens of that class of locomotive to be seen any morning at early dawn, piled up symmetrically with a load of vegetables in Covent Garden. The introduction of side saddles into England has been ascribed to the queen of Richard II.; but it is obvious, from representations of the time, that they were used by Anglo-Saxon ladies. Almost everybody who went a journey, and could afford it, travelled on horseback; those who could not, trudged on foot. Except where the Romans left memorials of their civilization, at wide intervals, the roads were mere tracks, or rough bridle-paths. Nor were the difficulties of movement across country the only hazard the traveller had to encounter. The open interior, thinly populated, and inadequately protected, was overrun with robbers. The traveller who journeyed alone was exposed to a double danger. If he escaped the banditti who infested the rural districts, he was tolerably sure to fall into the hands of the guardians of property and the peace, who always looked upon the solitary wayfarer with distrust. The appearance of keeping aloof from observation, for which a man might have a perfectly valid reason, exposed him to the worst suspicions; and if he ventured, through ignorance, or any other cause, to diverge from the beaten route, or what we should now call the high-road, without giving public notice of his whereabouts by shouting or blowing a horn, he was liable to be apprehended as a thief, although there might not be a tittle of evidence against him, and put to death, unless his friends came forward to rescue him. The local authorities exercised a complete despotism in these matters. Their discretion was law in an age when rights of all kinds were at the mercy of the strong hand.

In consequence of the dangerous state of the country, people who had journeys to make travelled in large troops, like Chaucer's pilgrims, and waited to make up a sufficient company for mutual protection before they started. A journey, therefore, from one part of the kingdom to another was a serious business, and required elaborate preparations. Those who went on foot had

generally amongst them a mule to carry luggage, and occasionally to relieve the fatigues of the women and children. Upon the mule's back everything was packed; provisions, change of clothes, materials for striking lights and making fires, for constructing a tent, for a temporary bed, and for cooking, together with knives and dishes, and portable valuables, which, for greater security, travellers usually carried about with them in boxes, or portmanteaus—articles which we frequently hear of in Chaucer's time.

Inns were "few and far between." But there was a skeleton substitute for them, in the shape of empty refuge-houses, or sheds, such as we see on the bleak route of the Simplon and elsewhere in the passes of the Alps. These refuges, consisting merely of wall and roof, afforded nothing more than a temporary shelter against the weather; and Mr. Wright conjectures that they may probably have been the sites of the numerous spots now called "Cold-Harbor." The same conjecture will apply to the name of "Windy-Harbor," which attaches to many places in England and Ireland. The few inns that existed yielded little comfort to travellers of condition. With rare exceptions, they were no better than common ale-stakes, that is to say, roadside ale-houses, distinguished by a stake, or poll, running out horizontally from the roof, or over the door, with a sign, or cluster of leaves, sometimes hanging from it. The want of necessary and suitable accommodation for travellers was the primary cause of the hospitality which was practised generally throughout the country. It may be doubted, however, whether that excellent household virtue would have flourished so universally, or have borne such plentiful fruit, if it had not been in some degree forced by other influences. The clergy were the greatest travellers in England. Some of the Orders were itinerant, and perpetually in motion; and of the others there were none that had not occasion at times to make pilgrimages, or perform visitations, to distant places. The whole power of the Church was consequently brought to bear upon the maintenance of an usage from which the priesthood profited more largely than any other class in the community. They preached up hospitality as an imperative duty and a religious obli-

gation; and even went so far as to denounce ecclesiastical censures against the head of a house who refused a lodging to a traveller. It is not, therefore, very surprising that under such a pressure we should find gates thrown open, and boards spread freely, for the reception of wayfarers. The fact dispels one of the day-dreams of history. The hospitality which is not wholly voluntary loses nearly all its grace.

The only houses of entertainment that made any approach to our modern notions of an inn, were to be found chiefly in the towns, where lodgings were also to be had by those who preferred comparative retirement, and, perhaps, economy, to the bustle and expenditure of the public caravansary. The keepers of the former establishments were called *hostelers*, and of the latter *herbergeors*, or persons who harbored strangers. There is ample reason to believe that these two classes have undergone little alteration, either in the way of deterioration or improvement, from that time—say some six or seven hundred years ago—to the present. The art of cheating at inns and lodging-houses is as old as the institutions themselves, and appears to have been cultivated with quite as much adroitness and success in the days of King Stephen as in our own. Tricks upon travellers are not the exclusive property of advanced civilization. Not alone were liquors drugged and adulterated, and stale cookery served up—just as the passenger by train or coach finds it now in places where such frauds may be attempted with comparative impunity—but the grossest impositions were practised in the way of exorbitant charges; guests who were known to be people of substance were encouraged in running up heavy bills, and every species of advantage was taken of their ignorance and defencelessness. The lodging-house people were even worse than the innkeepers. They set about their frauds with a show of friendliness that was well calculated to entrap the unwary. They had their touters, to interrupt and solicit customers immediately upon their arrival, and, above all things, to put them on their guard against the rogueries of the *hostelers*. One of the ingenious tricks of these artful dodgers was, to ascertain in conversation from what part of the country the travellers came, and then, pretending to have come

from the same place themselves, to take the strangers under their special protection, showing them the way through the town, and recommending them to lodgings where, in one sense at least, they would be well taken care of.

Looking a little farther back into the Pagan period, we find that the social institutions of the country were built on an extremely loose foundation. The marriage laws and usages of the Anglo-Saxons were so brittle that they afforded no security to either party, before the introduction of Christianity; and, it may be added, that they retained much of their licentiousness for a long time afterwards. The marriage ceremony, so far as there was one, might be described as an ordinary agreement entered into between the high contracting lover on the one hand, and the friends of the lady on the other. The only stipulations, or conditions, connected with it that had any binding force, related to such chattels, money, or other property as might be involved in the arrangement. The business part being disposed of, then followed the feasting common on such occasions to most barbarous communities, and not uncommon in more highly refined stages of society; and the wedded pair went off upon their tour, to be royally fleeced by innkeepers and lodging-house cormorants, and to flaunt their happiness in the face of the public, by open entertainments wherever they went. The union which was thus completed implied none of the obligations exacted by Christianity. The gentleman was not required to cherish and protect the lady, nor the lady to love, honor, and obey the gentleman. It was a union for mutual convenience and satisfaction; sometimes inspired by a romantic passion, and sometimes with so little mutual knowledge beforehand, that, so far as happiness was concerned, it was a leap in the dark. The result, one way or the other, was a matter of blind chance; and the institution was logically adapted to meet any exigency that might arise out of so precarious a state of things. Where there were no duties, there could be no responsibility; and it was consistent with the nature of the engagement that the marriage which hung so loosely might be easily thrown off. Both parties were at liberty to follow the bent of their own inclinations, and if they disagreed, they were free to separate, the lady's friends in-

terfering, as before, merely to look after the settlements. The whole contract, from beginning to end, had at least the advantages of cheapness and simplicity. There was no necessity for the intervention of a Sir Cresswell Cresswell in matrimonial complications. All questions of that kind were quietly settled amongst the principals and their relatives, according to a code of domestic morals which, however shocking it may appear to us, was perfectly satisfactory to them. A still more singular custom is said to have prevailed in Ireland, where the lady was taken home to the house of her suitor for a year's trial, and if at the end of that time they found that they did not suit each other, she was restored to her family; nor did this episode in her history in the slightest degree damage her reputation, or her prospects in life.

Although marriage was not binding against the wishes of the husband and wife, it was held sacred against invasion from without. Upon this point the Anglo-Saxon laws were precise and severe. Not only was the wife's paramour mulcted in pecuniary damages, the penalty being fixed by law, without having recourse to the assessment of a jury, but he was saddled with the additional responsibility of being compelled to provide the bereaved husband with another wife, and to pay all the expenses of the wedding. It is clear, also, that these laws, out of a rude sense of natural equity, recognized that class of cases which is known to us under the title of Breach of Promise. The Anglo-Saxons bought their wives: that is to say, they entered into a bargain with the relatives of the bride, which virtually constituted the marriage contract; and if they failed to fulfil the contract, or, in other words, to complete the marriage, they were liable by law to the payment of the sum for which they had stipulated, together with a further amount by way of compensation. Women before marriage were otherwise protected by stringent regulations, which compelled the early British Lovelace who, to use the words of one of Alfred's laws, "deceived an unbetrothed woman," to "pay for her, and have her afterwards to wife."

Domestic life under the Normans made a sensible advance in the way of in-door enjoyment: houses were more substantially and commodiously built, the resources of the *cuisine* were more skilfully cultivated, and

the homes of the gentry began to develop the features of those comforts and luxuries which modern art has since brought somewhat nearer to perfection. No doubt everything was still rough and rude, but the first conceptions were evidently there. The private dinner, contradistinguished from the dinner of form and etiquette, is a Norman introduction. Dinner was a public ceremony down to the close of the Anglo-Saxon rule. Banquets were invariably conducted in the one large, open, indiscriminate apartment. But the Normans knew the pleasure of a little occasional retirement, and of small entertainments, when they could enjoy themselves without being gazed at like wild beasts in a cage at feeding-time. Formerly the doors of the capacious hall were besieged by a hungry rabble of beggars and idlers, who watched the dishes as they were carried by the servants to and from the table, and often had the audacity to lay violent hands upon them. The Normans protected themselves against these swarms of clamorous vagrants by appointing a legion of door-keepers, armed with staves, to keep order at the entrance, and by building, for the first time in England, a room over the hall, where they could withdraw from the bustle, and dine in tranquillity. This room was reached, after the Swiss manner, by a staircase from without, and guarded by ushers below; and it appears to have been the earliest example amongst us of a floor raised above the ground floor. When population was sparse, and land of comparatively little value, people spread out their buildings on the flat; but as population increased, and the surface became costly, space had to be obtained by other expedients. Necessity is the mother of invention. Driven to seek a means of dining in peace out of the roar of a turbulent publicity, the Normans conceived the grand idea of building a dining-room up a flight of stairs; and one of the most humorous cuts in Mr. Wright's volume represents a carousal in an attic of this novel description, taken from the Bayeux tapestry. Subsequent ages improved upon the precedent; and as house-room became more and more precious on the land, they built higher and higher into the air, amongst the stars and birds.

Progress in the art of cookery is generally considered significant of general progress in other and more important branches of civili-

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zation; and in this department the Normans were far in advance of their predecessors. When Duke William came to England, his forethought was not confined to warlike preparations. He took care that, however he might fare in the field, he should never be at a loss for a good dinner. He brought over his kitchen with him. This was in itself an evidence of high training in matters of taste. But it is only fair to observe, that if his artists transcended the Saxon cooks, they had an important advantage over them in the choice of materials which were seldom found upon Saxon tables, such as beef, mutton, veal, and pork. They appear also to have been familiar with the use of stoves and hot plates, prophetic of those more scientific structures which the illustrious Soyer plumed himself upon the glory of having established in the kitchen of the Reform Club; and there is reason to believe that they understood how to make pasties and pies, and other still more recondite and delectable dishes. At all events, we know that they could produce combinations which had the merit of being savory and palatable, and that the use of foreign flavors, with judgment and variety, was one of the resources which, all but unknown to the simpler Saxon, were at the command of the accomplished Norman. With the latter, as with the more enlightened gastronomic authorities of a later day, garlic was an indispensable agent, and we can only hope that he used it under proper restraints. We hear of roast hen seasoned with garlic sauce, and of fish cooked in wine and water, and served up with an elaborate and luxurious sauce, composed of parsley, sage, cost, ditany, wild thyme, and garlic, seasoned with pepper and salt; and the most robust gourmand could not desire a more energetic sample of culinary science than a roast goose served up with garlic sauce mixed with wine, or the green juice of grapes or crabs. The Normans evidently had a natural zest for good living; and we are mistaken if we do not gather from some of the old illuminations and tapestries, that they were particular about having their meats put smoking upon the table, and that they even carried their sense of comfort (which is really an old Norman word) so far, as to indulge in the luxury of covers for their dishes. Yet, in the midst of these incontestible evidences of culture, they eat their meat with their fingers.

They had not yet arrived at the decent convenience of a fork. For illustrations, the reader may be referred to Chaucer, especially to the description of the prioress, who was distinguished by the neatness with which she used her fingers in eating.

The distinction drawn by William of Malmesbury between the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans—that the former indulged in great feasts, and lived in mean houses, while the latter built magnificent mansions, and ate moderately—is doubtless true. The Anglo-Saxons were enormous feeders; and the Normans consulted quality and relish rather than quantity. But the means of forming an accurate comparison do not exist, for it was not until cookery became resolved into an art that any details of its processes were recorded or preserved. It was late in the fourteenth century before culinary maxims came to be written, and receipts handed over in house-books or other depositories of domestic secrets. Mr. Wright has collected some bills of fare of that period, from which we learn that the dinner generally consisted of three courses, and that boar's head larded, beef and mutton, swan, pheasant, chickens, rabbits, teals, woodcocks, and snipes, independently of bruce (a horrible mixture of pig's chitterlings, minced onions, white of eggs, and bread, out of which a fearful soup was distilled), pork, mutton, and two or three other dishes entered into the plan of a single entertainment. At this time, the *cuisine* was obviously an object of paramount consideration; yet it is remarkable that while the Normans were making such strides in the science of dinner, their way of dining presented a humiliating contrast to the refinement of their cookery. Civilization was too busy among the stew-pans and skillets to look after the manners of the people; and the table habits of the Normans were even coarser, all things considered, than those of the Anglo-Saxons, whose stately formalities and cumbrous ceremonials imparted something of an air of barbaric elevation to their usages. The Normans had all the rudeness of the previous age, without its earnestness. Their rules for behavior at table indicate plainly enough, in the suggestive shape of a long catalogue of prohibitions, the uncouth condition of society, in spite of its superficial gloss, down to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.



Forks had not yet come into use, and nobody having hit upon the expedient of chopsticks, meat was conveyed to the mouth by the fingers. This was unavoidable; and in order to make sure, as far as might be, of the cleanliness of the hand engaged in this delicate office, it was one of the maxims of good breeding that the same hand should never perform the function which is now consigned to the pocket handkerchief—an article unknown in those times. The fact of laying an interdict on the one hand, implies, of course the employment of the other. The American custom of expectoration prevailed so extensively amongst the Normans, that it was necessary to protect the board at which they sat from pollution by stringent regulations. Fortunately, in most cases, the floor, which received the contents of water-basins, the dregs of wine-glasses, and other refuse, was slightly protected by a layer of rushes. The benches and seats, however, were exposed to all passing chances; and in an old French metrical code of politeness, quoted by Mr. Wright, people are prudentially advised to examine the seats before they sit down upon them. Some of the minor directions testify at once to the raw state of manners, and to the dawn of coming improvements. For example, you were forbidden to pick your teeth with your knife, or to offer the remains of your dish to another person, or to dip your meat in the salt-cellar, or to return food from your mouth to your plate; and symptoms of the more artificial modes that not long afterwards came into vogue, may be detected in a code of instructions which warns you against the vulgarity of eating much cheese, or taking more than two or three nuts at a time upon your plate, or betraying fidgetiness at dinner, by such boorish tricks as playing with your knife, or twisting your napkin into knots, and which, above all things, admonishes you against getting intoxicated before dinner is over.

When we speak of dinners in these times, we must be understood to speak of a meal which has no equivalent in the present day. Popular habits are so entirely altered that the same things cannot be recognized by the same names; and we must enter into some details to render clear to the modern reader the habits of his ancestors in reference to the rites of the table.

They had two substantial meals in the

day, dinner and supper, between which was an interval of eight hours. They were early risers, and began and finished their labor and their pleasures with the sun. In the Carolingian romances everybody is up at daybreak, and in most of the romances everybody is in bed soon after supper, making no ceremony about it, but beginning to yawn and gape the moment they were sleepy, and separating at once for bed, after the fashion of the king and his court, in Chaucer's "Squyere's Tale." There is an old proverb which fixes the hours for the different meals:—

"Lever à six, disner à dix,  
Souper à six, coucher à dix."

But there is an older monastic triplet, still familiarly remembered, which throws back all these operations an hour earlier:—

"Lever à cinq, dinner à neuf,  
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,  
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf."

Dinner at nine (which prevailed for centuries before people became so lazy in their habits as to postpone the hour of *underne* or *prandium*, to ten), and supper at five, supply a land-mark of a day passed chiefly in athletic sports, chess, dice, eating, drinking, and praying. The ten o'clock dinner continued for a long period, and even so lately as the sixteenth century the general hour for dinner was eleven, as it is still in the northern parts of Germany.

Some obscurities which appear in Mr. Wright's work respecting the hours of meals, may here be usefully cleared up. At page 155, Mr. Wright, quoting the following lines, spoken by the Monk in Chaucer's "Schipmanne's Tale,"

"And let us dyne as soon as ye may,  
For by my chindre it is prime of day,"

observes—"In the time of Chaucer, the hour of *prime* appears to have been the usual dinner hour, which, perhaps, meant nine o'clock." At page 248, he says, that "In Chaucer's Squyere's Tale, the king's guests, after great feasting and carousing at night, sleep till 'prime large' in the morning—that is, till six o'clock—which is spoken of in a manner which evidently intimates that they had considerably overslept themselves." This latter interpretation of the word *prime* is the correct one.

The divisions of the ecclesiastical day,

which were everywhere followed by Chaucer, and for each of which particular offices of devotion were appointed, consisted of *matins*, *prime*, *terce*, *sext*, *none*, and *vespers*. There was another service, called *compline*, or *completorium*, to which no particular hour was assigned, it being directed to be observed just before retiring to rest. *Matins* began at midnight; *prime* was six o'clock in the morning; *terce*, nine; *sext*, twelve; *none*, three; and *vespers*, six. Each of these terms covered the whole of the preceding interval: ignorance of which circumstance has, no doubt, occasioned much of the confusion that has arisen on this subject. Thus, as soon as *prime* was passed, the time would be reckoned as so much before *terce*; and from mid-day, or *terce*, it would be considered noon, or *none*, up to three o'clock. We have a curious illustration of this in the "Shepherd's Calendar," where twelve o'clock is called noon, and three o'clock high noon. In the same way we frequently find in Chaucer, and other writers, the phrase, "large prime," which is analogous to "full moon," and means *prime* arrived, or nearly so—at its full development—that is, six o'clock, or very close upon it.

In the lines quoted by Mr. Wright, "*prime* of day" is to be understood either in a figurative sense, which derives some color of probability from the introduction of the "day,"—or literally, as six o'clock. The latter interpretation is in some degree supported by the fact that on that morning the monk had risen earlier than usual, and might, therefore, be supposed to be ready for dinner before the regular hour. It is obvious that the regular dinner hour had not then arrived, for some time elapses before the merchant and his wife go to dinner, the lady in the meanwhile calling him out of his counting-house, and, after some talk together, going with him to hear mass, as was customary before breaking the fast.

It must be admitted, however, that it is not always easy to determine with certainty the meaning intended to be conveyed by the word *prime*, as it is employed by mediæval writers. Even Chaucer, who is generally exact in his language, fluctuates occasionally between the poetical and the canonical uses of the word. We can keep to its strict definition only where the word is used in a connection that will bear it. We constantly

hear of the *prime* without reference to any particular hour, conveying sometimes a loose indication of an early hour of the day, and sometimes of the day full-blown. People are generally described as setting out to travel long before *prime*. In the *Canterbury Tales* the pilgrims set out in the spring of the morning, that is, about or soon after dawn, and it is past *prime* when they arrive at Deptford, which means past six, the hour of *prime*. Popularly, and poetically, *prime* means the dawn or spring of the day, as in a similar sense, the *prime* time of the year is spring, the French *printemps*. In adopting either interpretation, the reader of mediæval literature must be governed entirely by the context.

Mr. Wright says that the hour of breakfast was very uncertain. We suspect that it is still more uncertain whether there was such a meal as breakfast at all. We have no evidence of any repast of that nature; and as it was the universal custom not to taste food till after mass had been heard, or other offices of devotion performed, and some indispensable household drudgery discharged, the presumption is that the first time of eating was the nine o'clock dinner. Besides, the preparation for dinner must have fully occupied all the available time on hand. There was not room for a preliminary entertainment; and the utmost we can suppose, in the way of refreshment before dinner, was some slight flavor, like the early cup of coffee of the French. But even this is mere conjecture, and, in any case, the term breakfast is wholly inapplicable.

William of Malmesbury's tribute to the magnificence and solidity of the Norman buildings as compared with those of the Anglo-Saxon, to which we referred before we were carried away by this digression, is perfectly just. The Norman house was more commodious and convenient; and, although the notion of raising a floor above the ground-floor cannot be strictly said to have originated with the Normans, they are fully entitled to the credit of having been the first to develop its capabilities. A few rare examples may be found amongst the Anglo-Saxons of a room at the top of a flight of stairs; but it was usually very small, a mere crib, or look-out, and was called the *soler*, apparently because it was nearer the sun than the lower apartment, the progenitor,

probably, of that cramped, low-roofed room which the French call the *entre-sol*. It was the Normans who discerned in this crude beginning a power of useful expansion, and who contrived an apartment aloft where they could dine luxuriously *en particulier*. To them also may be ascribed the honor of having invented the parlor, literally (*parloir*) a room for talking in, derived from the usages of the monastic establishments. This is not the place to enter into architectural details, but we may observe generally that social progress and the progress of house architecture throw a vivid illustrative light upon each other. When the country was in a lawless state, and the means of intercommunication was hazardous and difficult, when might made mince-meat of right under a feudal dispensation, and nothing was safe but the strong hand, houses were built mainly with a view to security; the walls were thick, and the ditches were deep, and drawbridges, loopholes, and battlements, marked the elaborate precautions that were deemed necessary for the purpose of protection. As the danger gradually diminished, and law and order diffused feelings of confidence throughout the country, houses ceased to be built like fortresses, and security was less thought of than domestic accommodation and the gratification of taste. And thus we have come down from feudal castles to gentlemen's seats and rich men's "follies." The change affects every particular connected with private dwellings. Instead of seeking strategic positions, perched on the summits of inaccessible hills, or down in the angle of a valley to command the mouth of a gorge, or the bank of a river, we now look for situations agreeable to the eye, or suitable to the constitution; we consult climate, soil, and the winds, without caring at what points of the compass an enemy could bombard our windows, or rake our slates and chimneys with a volley of grape-shot; and we lavish upon the luxury of the interior those resources which used to be expended upon the outworks.

But it is only in their luxuries, and the arts which administer to them, that the Normans contrast favorably with the Anglo-Saxons. Could we get at sufficient means of comparison, we suspect it would be found that in other directions, especially in their morals, the Anglo-Saxons possess higher

claims upon our respect. The gallantry which rose out of the feudal system was far from being so noble or manly as it is made to look in the ballads; and it may be gravely doubted whether women were ever worse treated than in what Burke calls the age of chivalry, or, at all events, in the early part of it. Wives were subjected not only to barbarous cruelty, but to indignities more dreadful than the pincers of the torturer, or the horrors of the *oubliette*. Precepts of craft and caution constituted the current wisdom of the day. Young people entering the world were recommended to keep up a showy exterior, to be very attentive to the forms of religion; but to believe in nobody or nothing, and to keep their thoughts to themselves. A youth was thus advised by his father not to quarrel before people, lest his opponent, in an excess of passion, might let out something to his discredit; and he was further counselled, after he was married, never to reveal to his wife anything he wished to conceal. These cunning maxims were mixed up with others which were not wholly of so selfish and mean a character, and in which a stray gleam of munificence and generosity occasionally breaks out; but, taken in connection with the profligacy, arrogance, and oppression of the feudal ages, and the treatment of women generally, they lose all value in the setting, and their exceptional grace only serves to give them a suspicious significance.

The advice to young ladies, on questions of deportment and modesty, which abound in the romances and text-books of the middle ages, cannot be properly appreciated without bearing in recollection the freedom of intercourse which subsisted between the sexes. The life of the times is a practical commentary on its written ethics, and the one must be read by the light of the other. Young ladies were in the habit of receiving the visits of gentlemen in their chambers, while they were in bed, and frequently of returning the visits under similar circumstances. Candlesticks did not enter into the economy of mediæval houses, and the old Saxon method of fixing a candle on a stick, from whence we obtain our word candlestick, had not undergone much change under the Normans. Usually the stick, or spike, formed a part of the framework at the head of the bed, so that the light might be

easily extinguished by the person in bed or going to bed. To these circumstances may be attributed the fact that the visits on both sides were often made in the dark, and were, consequently, fruitful of scandals.

The beds for many centuries were made of straw. Feathers came very slowly into use. At first we hear of white straw being shaken and laid, and covered with a quilt of feathers; and it was not till the fourteenth century that beds began to be made altogether of feathers; but they were limited to the highest and wealthiest classes. After another interval beds came to be decorated with curtains, and to put on a look of warmth and coziness, with, probably, very little of the reality. Throughout all these advances in the formation of the bed and its furniture, it was the custom for both sexes to sleep without night-dresses of any kind. The custom was not confined to any particular grade of the community. It was universal, from the princess to the chambermaid. Strange things are recorded in the tapestries and illuminations as arising out of these usages. With the body unprotected by a shred of covering, and the head wrapped in a warm kerchief, a duke's daughter, destitute of a hand candlestick, is lighted to bed by a candle stuck on a spike in her bedstead; people are seen lying in a state of nudity in adjacent beds, while others are passing to and fro in the same condition; and kings and queens are represented in bed with their crowns on; upon which latter incident Mr. Wright observes with inimitable naïvete, "The crowns on their heads are a mere conventional method of stating their rank. Kings and queens were not in the habit of sleeping in bed with their crowns on their heads."

The mediæval romances, which, upon the whole, present a tolerably faithful reflection of the actual contemporary life, are as full of the inevitable consequences of these free and open customs as eggs are said to be full of meat, or Spanish comedies of intrigue. "Mediæval society," says Mr. Wright, enunciating a melancholy and too palpable truth, "was profoundly immoral and licentious." Elsewhere he says, that "the clergy were the great corruptors of domestic virtue amongst the burgher and agricultural classes." The upper classes did not need the temptations and sanctions of the

Church. Their demoralization came from within. It was the natural issue of insular training and exclusive privileges. The extremities to which the Norman aristocracy carried the indulgence of their passions may be least offensively exemplified by the wanton cruelty they displayed in their field sports. The forests were preserved with barbarous severity. Whoever killed a hart, or a hind, or a boar, was condemned to be blinded. The chase was one of the favorite pastimes, and no considerations of justice or humanity were allowed to check the career of the hunter, whose course was a track of desolation to the tillers of the soil. Respect for private rights was unknown. No such rights can be said to have existed, for they were never recognized. Cultivated lands, covered with growing crops, were ridden over and trodden down with impunity, as if they had been so much waste common. Nor was this all—perhaps it was the least of the evil. Having destroyed the crops, the hunters quartered themselves on the owners; and if the provisions they found in the houses fell short of their wants, they inflicted punishment on the inmates. Darker crimes followed, which left disgrace and bitterness behind. But we must not trace the picture any further. Whatever excesses the imagination can conceive associated with the gratification of brutal lusts, may be ascribed to the Norman aristocracy on their hunting excursions without much risk of exaggeration.

The ladies who were brought up in the midst of such experiences could not be expected to be very tender of heart, or modest of bearing. Any such expectations would be grievously disappointed by the facts. They were as passionate, self-willed, and imperious as the heroes who wooed them with devotional homage before marriage, and beat them afterwards. Their "gentle blood" was as incapable of submitting to restraints in the pursuit of pleasure, as if it coursed in the veins of the coarser sex, whose license they constantly usurped. They not only laid aside that reserve which is almost a constitutional attribute of women, but they took the initiative in those advances which, all the world over, are assigned to the province of men. They did not always wait to be solicited, or to observe the effect of their charms. When the train of passion was fired, they followed it up to its conclusions



with an ardor which showed how completely the positions of the sexes were reversed. This state of things was not brought about without a corresponding corruption of manners in the general intercourse of society. Conversation became flooded with impurities. The common language, written and spoken, was impregnated with that character of dissoluteness which pervaded the highest and best educated circles.

The rules which were inculcated for external conduct, or superficial manners, harmonize curiously with the libertinism which infected the core of society. They embrace minute regulations for the cultivation of that kind of artificial breeding which is the obvious veneer of an age of licentiousness. They abound in demure restrictions and repressive maxims for behavior, all tending to the production of the results which they affect to deprecate; and they illustrate, in a very remarkable way, the infancy of that condition of society, refined, hollow, and profligate, which culminated, some hundreds of years afterwards, in the masques of Saint Germain and the voluptuous splendors of Versailles.

Ladies, for instance, are warned that it is unbecoming to talk much, that they should not boast of the attentions they receive from the other sex, nor betray too much freedom in their sports and pastimes, lest it might encourage libertinism; that they are not to look too much at men, nor to suffer men to take certain liberties with them, a bare allusion to which, in the present day, would be an outrage. Scolding, swearing, uttering falsehoods, eating and drinking too freely, and getting drunk, are severally reprehended; and ladies are advised to keep their nails cut, and their hands clean, and, when they have handsome faces, to be sure to let them be seen. Highly suggestive, too, are the instructions relating to church-going, remembering how strictly observances of that description were kept up in later times by such ladies as Madame de Maintenon, and Louise de Querouaille. On the way to church a lady was not to "trot or run," says a *trouvère* of the thirteenth century, who compiled a code of instruction for young ladies, referred to by Mr. Wright; but to walk seriously, looking neither to the right nor the left, taking care not to go on in advance of her company, and observing to salute "de-

bonairely" all persons that she met. When she arrived in church she was to behave with becoming gravity, she was not to suffer her eyes to wander, whatever her thoughts might do, and she was to be strictly attentive to the forms of the service. Equally characteristic are sundry prudential hints against the indulgence of a dangerous curiosity. In passing people's houses, ladies are not to look into them, "for," says the shrewd instructor, "a person often does things privately in his house, which he would not wish to be seen, if any one should come before his door." The same discreet caution was to be observed on entering a house, or a room. The visitor was to cough at the entrance, or to speak loud, so that the person within should not be taken by surprise.

Notwithstanding all these indications of a life of *finesse* and levity, the households of the ladies of the middle ages appear to have been conducted with order and propriety. The characters of servants, especially if they came from a distance, were carefully examined; and every servant had special duties to perform, which very much resembled the ordinary duties performed in our own day by those laborious maids-of-all-works, whose worsted stockings were celebrated in a prose Idyl by Leigh Hunt. Sweeping the hall, dusting the forms, benches, and footstools, shaking the cloths and carpets, and cleaning and arranging the chambers, constituted the routine of the housemaid's morning tasks five hundred years ago, just as they do in the nineteenth century. It must be confessed that we do not get up quite so early as our Norman ancestors, who opened their shutters at the dawn of day, and that the feeding of "chamber animals" does not enter into the regular domestic programme. Nor can we take credit for feeding our servants so plentifully as they were fed in the old baronial halls. The day's proceedings in that particular are worth noting for more reasons than the abundance of the provisions. The first meal was at mid-day. It consisted of one meat, provided without stint, and of one drink, wine or otherwise, which was to be "nourishing but not heady." The servants were admonished at this meal, which was to lay the foundations for a day of incessant industry, that they were to eat and drink heartily; but they were required to do so without loitering or gossiping. The

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moment they began to slacken, and talk, and lean their elbows on the table, they were ordered to rise, and the table was removed. Another repast of a lighter kind followed at an interval; and a third succeeded in the evening, as abundant, and of the same character, as the first.

The ladies attended personally to their household affairs, and looked after their servants to see that they executed their work properly. It was the business of the lady of the house every night to ascertain that the doors were locked, and the fires put out, to take charge of the keys, and to send the servants to bed, a strict watch being kept over their candles, so that none should be left alight after the household had retired. The mistress of a large establishment in these times had other, not less arduous, and even more important, duties to discharge. We frequently read in the mediæval romances of wounded knights being tended and cured by maidens, who, from first taking compassion upon them, end by marrying them. So, also, good wives are described keeping in their houses potent herbs, vegetable decoctions, balsams, and ointments, with which they effected signal cures. Professional aid was rare, and seldom available at a short notice, and ladies benevolently took upon themselves the double offices of nurses and doctors, and even went through a certain course of study to fit them for their labors. They studied in the garden, and picked up all the oral traditions that came floating down to them concerning the occult virtues of plants and flowers. Every house had its garden, and every garden had its medicinal herbs, and there was always a fair student moving about amongst them culling knowledge, and speculating on its uses. No doubt there was a dark as well as a bright side to this knowledge. The restorative principle in herbs was co-existent with a destructive principle; and while the lady was learning the art of preserving life, she was also learning how to destroy it. The knowledge of medicines brought with it the knowledge of poisons, and ladies became skilful adepts in both. The poisoners of the middle ages are amongst the infamous celebrities of history, and it is hardly necessary to add that a large majority of them were women.

Although the Normans transplanted into England many French usages and luxuries,

they failed to effect any material change in the national character. The old stubborn Saxon element still remained predominant. There were some things with which it could not assimilate. No art or influence, for example, could have succeeded in naturalizing amongst us those erotic tribunals which flourished in Provence and elsewhere in France, under the name of Courts of Love. The good sense of the people would have revolted from any attempt to give shape and fashion to an institution, which undertook to impart the force of law to the subtleties of a fantastic code of sentiment. Yet the Courts of Love sprang from the feudal system, and marked more expressively than any recognized laws the peculiar tendencies of society during the middle ages. Chaucer made them known in England by a famous poem descriptive of the general nature and functions of a Court of Love, which if not strictly copied from the Provencal courts, preserved their principal features under other forms and names. The English, however, regarded all such descriptions as mere poetical reveries. Chaucer's palace of Love, its statutes, and symbolical personages, commanded no more credence than an old legend of the Northern mythology, or an oriental allegory. Had the charming Countess of Narbonne herself, the most illustrious of all the lady presidents, illustrious alike by her beauty and her judgments, come over to England, and held one of her courts under an elm tree in some royal park, the proceedings would have been looked upon by the people in those days as they were accustomed to look upon a tournament or a bull bait. They would have attached no serious meaning to such an assembly, and would have treated its verdicts with ridicule. Imagine at any time in England a court, composed of ladies and gentlemen of high rank and social weight, sitting in the open air to receive and decide upon complaints concerning matters of gallantry, to resolve dilemmas of love, sometimes actual and sometimes suppositious, for the guidance of both sexes, and to hear contentions or arguments upon what may be called points of law in relation to the rights, duties, and responsibilities of lovers in every stage of their intercourse. The custom of Dunmow was a reality, because it touched a passage of domestic life which people were rather vain of, and be-

cause it was attended by a practical result. But here was a tribunal instituted for the public trial of questions over which everybody concerned was interested in throwing a veil of secrecy, and the decisions of which bound nobody, and led to no result whatever. Such elaborate trifling did not suit the Saxon genius. The people saw their way clearly to substantial improvements; casuistry was much too fine and frivolous for their vigorous intellects. They discerned at once the value of a new invention by which discomfort was minimized and enjoyment increased; but could see no profit in investigating such gratuitous problems as, "Which should you prefer—that your mistress should be dead, or married to another?" And here the line may be drawn, loosely but intelligibly, between what we have derived and rejected from the French. That the Courts of Love never found their way into England, either in sport or earnest, is singular, nevertheless, since the roll of their presidents includes two names associated with our throne. Queen Eléonore, first married to Louis VII. of France, and afterwards to Henry II. of England, was one of the most celebrated of the Ladies President or Queens of Love, and her decisions are recorded in the judgments of the tribunal under the signature of Regina Alienora; and no less illustrious as a President or Prince of Love, was Richard Cœur de Lion, who held that office alternately with the Dauphin of Auvergne, the Count of Provence, and Alphonsus of Arragon.\*

One of many reasons—independently of the radical differences of national character—why these open customs, which, so to speak, let the daylight in upon the most secret recesses of life, found no favor in England, was that from the time of the Anglo-Saxons downwards the people manifested an increasing disposition to cultivate privacy of their homes. The old hall with its glare and publicity, was insensibly superseded by the quiet dining-room; and then came the happy thought of the parlor, a room in which a few friends might meet together and converse without restraint. The parlor superseded the uses of the bed-chamber as an apartment for receiving visitors, and conducting the affairs of the household; and ladies, thus relieved from the intrusion of

strangers, were not slow to appreciate the advantages of retirement. The universal utility of the parlor was developed in proportion as the old hall disappeared, and the bed-chamber ceased to be a reception-room. It became the centre of the social system. Here all amusements of the inmates were carried on, games, dances, and merry-makings; here young ladies occupied themselves with fancy works, which they often turned to profitable account; and here, too, the passion for cards and dice was first cultivated in English houses. As the home feeling deepened, people began to collect about them durable evidences of settling down, and to think of transmitting their possessions to future generations. The age of heir-looms commenced under these fostering auspices. Amongst its conspicuous signs were the accumulation of plate and linen, the institution of cupboards and lock-up places to keep the new family treasures in, and the pains which were taken to display them on special occasions. The political changes that were passing over the nation in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, tended materially to strengthen local attachments and nourish domestic habits. Feudalism was passing away; the higher and lower classes were coming more closely together; a strong feeling of independence was growing up amongst the public at large; the Englishman's "house" was assuming every day more and more the attributes of the "castle;" and the growing interest which men were acquiring in domestic life rendered their homes more than ever sacred in their eyes.

We have not thought it necessary to weave through these desultory observations, a running commentary on Mr. Wright's volume upon "Domestic Manners;" but our frequent references to him will evince the estimation in which we hold his labors. Nothing short of a life passed in the study of mediæval literature could have amassed and arranged the vast amount of details accumulated in his book. We do not say that the arrangement is exactly what we should desire, or that the treatment is in every respect what it might have been; but we are far from thinking that the task, as a whole, could have been executed so well by anybody else. Mr. Wright makes us fastidious by the very richness of the banquet which he

\* *Works of Chaucer*, Ann. Ed. iv. 116.

provides. To the variety and profusion of the feast we bear cheerful testimony; and if we desiderate any element of pleasure or enjoyment at this bountiful table, it is that our host has served us too amply, and detained us too long. We want essences here and there, where he has given us solid dishes, and we miss that art of selection and condensation by which the palate is spared a succession of identical or similar flavors.

The fact seems to be that Mr. Wright has been collecting his materials for a great number of years past, and that he has been collecting them in the only way such materials can be collected, by multitudinous scraps, which piled up, heap upon heap, grow into a mountain of chaos at last. The attempt to reduce this chaos to order, and to present the results of so much discursive investigation in a shape of historical continuity, involves an amount and description of labor from the contemplation of which we recoil in alarm. Parts of this book appear to have been written at one time for one purpose, and parts at another for another purpose, and the parts to have been afterwards put together with a view to the production of a complete whole. The process was hazardous, and the skill shown in its execution is considerable. This way of writing in detachments, of taking historical studies in compartments, as it were, is attended by unavoidable risks. There is the risk of committing unconscious repetitions, of falling into inconsistencies of statement, and of failing to bring about the requisite symmetry in the proportions of the work. Mr. Wright has not entirely escaped these dangers. The book, in spite of the world of pains bestowed upon it, has a straggling air; we often feel the want of dates, although we know how difficult it would be to supply

them, and that there is a division of periods which ought to content us; we find the same things recurring in different places, easily seen by us who read the entire volume through from beginning to end (and we have not missed a page) for the first time, although by no means easy of detection to the author whose head is full of them; and we are sometimes perplexed by an apparent confusion, which may be no confusion after all, but an uncertainty of expression arising from the nature of the evidence upon which the descriptions are founded, and which opens a wide door to guess-work and speculation. In saying this, we are saying the worst we have to say, and archæologists will understand how little this is in comparison with the responsibilities of such an undertaking. The merits of the work are obvious. We wish it had been shorter, because it would then have been more readable for the million. But students of social history will find nothing tedious in quotations otherwise superfluous, nor will they complain of space bestowed upon matters not very important in themselves. The test of such books is that they should be comprehensive and trustworthy. This book is both. It is a complete storehouse of facts, gathered with diligence from a multitude of sources, and placed before the reader without varnish or exaggeration. Above all things it is free from prejudices. It is written from no particular point of view, and betrays none of the vices of partisanship. Nor does its attraction lie wholly on the side of the grave and useful. It is full of pictures of extinct manners, as amusing as if Mr. Wright had dug up a thousand volumes of some *Punch* of the middle ages, and given us the cream of them, wood-cuts included, interspersed through his work.

M. CASSELLI's electric telegraph, according to the Italian papers, is working successfully between Florence and Leghorn. Its peculiar merit consists in its transmitting autographic messages, thereby avoiding all risk of error. The inventor has given it the name of Pantagraph, and purposes, we understand, exhibiting the apparatus in the Philosophical Department of the International Exhibition.

THE author of "Friends in Council" has in the press an essay, entitled "Organization in Daily Life."

THE late Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne has left autobiographical reminiscences behind him, which are being prepared for the press by his daughter, Miss Sarah Anne Cheyne.

## CHAPTER II.

WAS there ever a Reverend Mother so kind as the Lady Superior of the abbey at Stoke Holy Cross—the House of our Lady of the Seven Sorrows! Anna had not only no stranger to meet, in entering on her noviciate, but she was prepared to adore the holy woman to whom she was to be henceforth obedient without limitation. Before addressing a word to the parents, the Abbess opened her arms to the young creature who was quitting the world to live with her. Anna would rather have kneeled than kissed her: but the affable superior caught her to her bosom, and hugged her heartily, gayly assuring her that they should be so happy together as never was known: that, of all people in the world, nuns were the merriest, and that her house was the merriest she knew. They would keep their own counsel about their pleasures in the presence of the uninitiated; and here she smiled round upon the train Anna had brought: but they knew what they could tell to persons who fancied a convent must be gloomy because it was the seat of peace. Anna resisted an instinct of displeasure at being treated like a child; and accepted all this as benevolence. She hoped her father would like the Lady Superior; she was sure her mother would be pleased, in any event; and her sisters would love her now second mother for being so anxious to make her happy.

Father and brother were committed to the gardener, to be shown the outside of the establishment: the fruitful garden and orchard, the fish in the moat, and the store-houses of all sorts. The charm of the situation was great, as all the country knew: and now the establishment itself was found to correspond with it. The convent buildings were clustered on a green level, which was sheltered behind a considerable wood, covering a rising ground. In front, beyond the hedge which enclosed the green level, there was a heath stretching down to the sea. It was broken ground,—this heath,—showing hillocks of dry sand bound together by heath vegetation; and, again, sinking into rushy pools, where water-birds came in winter from the north. When the wind rose, it whistled through the wood in the rear: when the sea rose, its boom was heard in the innermost cell of the convent.

The Abbess was wont to boast to the parents of novices that the view from the house and gardens was anything but dull. There were Dutch and Flemish and Norwegian ships often passing along the sea-line; and now and then fishing-vessels made for the shore, so that moving figures could be descried on the sands, and, when the wind was favorable, the songs of the sailors could be heard. There was also nothing to be feared from such people being too near. The moat, which completely surrounded the convent buildings, had no boat left upon it, night or day; and the bridge was always raised except when actual traffic was going on. The bolts and bars were, in fact, enough; but, behind the moat, the sisters were as safe as they could be in the kingdom of Heaven.

The charm of the situation had certainly something to do with Anna's satisfaction in contemplating her destiny. It is true, she would not be able henceforth to stroll along the sands, or sit among the heather, or ramble in the wood; but sea and land would be still before her eyes; and no convent rules could shut out the breeze, or the coast sunrises, of which that eastern county made its boast. The gardens were a great privilege, there as in most convents. The high wall which completely enclosed them afforded space for so much fruit, that the sale brought in a considerable annual sum. There was a sale of herbs, too, the preparation of which would eventually be one of Anna's occupations. Meantime, she would have her own little garden while a novice; and the Abbess condescended to show the way to it herself, after introducing Dame Atherstone to her daughter's cell, and showing its accommodations.

The cell did not look at all bare or comfortable. Anna's impression was, that it was too luxurious for her vocation; and she suspected that she was treated with some favor. The kind Abbess seemed to read her thoughts, for she observed to Dame Atherstone that it was a pity to be too rigid with youth; that it was time enough for severe self-denial when the tenderness of youth was past; that extremes were to be avoided at the age of enthusiasm; and so on, all which the dame repeated to all her friends for months afterwards, as proof of the qualities of the Reverend Mother to



whom she had confided her holy child. The apartment in which the novices were to pursue their secular occupations during the day was more bare than the cell; but it had a shelf of pious books; and there were colored drawings of sacred subjects on the walls, done by the novices, under the instruction of a sister who taught the use of the pencil.

"Where shall we hang your cage?" said the Abbess, with a winning smile. "I do not see your bird; you must have a linnet, surely, or some pretty creature; and we will take such care of it!"

How could Anna be grateful enough? Her pet canary was to be sent for that very afternoon. Then it was pointed out where she would sit at her tasks, and where she might walk without intruding on the sisters, and where she would be exercised in the arts of confectionery and pharmacy, for which this house was famous. The last orchard fruits remained to be gathered, and the fun of climbing the trees for them was permitted to the dear children, as the Abbess called her novices.

Lastly, the novices themselves were shown. There were two, at present, and they were affectionately desired to bid their new companion welcome. They kissed Anna, and seemed really glad to see her. They had before been schoolfellows in the house, but were unaware till this moment that they were destined to spend their whole lives together. They were invited into the parlor, where they served and shared the refreshments with which the table was found covered. They were informed aloud by the Reverend Mother that nobody was going to be melancholy about any parting, for that she hoped to see Dame Atherstone and any of her family very often during Anna's year of probation.

The parents agreed, as they rode away, after the last wave of the handkerchief at the convent-gate, that they could not have placed their dear daughter more satisfactorily. She would have every indulgence that the position admitted. She was a happy young creature—free from care and hardship in this world, and sure of salvation in the next. By some association of ideas, however, each asked the other at the same moment whether Anna had seen Henry Fletcher riding in a by-road, or rather,

waiting for their party to pass on their way to the convent. The dame believed Anna had seen him. He had bowed low, and she could not but have observed it.

Anna had seen him; and without surprise, for he would not take his farewell the evening before. He should see her again—many times—he had said; and, as soon as she was alone, she set herself to consider how many times he could possibly suppose he could see her. There was the passing greeting to-day; and there would be the ceremonial day of her taking the veil a year hence. Was there any other opportunity? Would her mother ever bring him with her in the visits she had promised? This was not to be hoped; and then Anna asked herself what she could mean by hoping or caring about the matter at all.

It seemed to be quite true that the Reverend Mother was the kindest mother in the world; at least, to Anna. The eldest novice, Elizabeth, was less enthusiastic on the subject than Anna; but she was not of a happy temper, though a quiet one. She made no complaints; but she seemed to assume that her days must be few and evil, and that the best thing she could do was to get through them as quietly as possible. She was admirable in the discharge of the third of the obligations she was preparing to bind herself to—obedience. In mute obedience she was transcendent. Yet her superior did not seem to like her; at least, she did not pretend to confide in her as she did in Anna.

Emilia, the intermediate novice, found obedience a difficult and almost doubtful virtue, while she was enthusiastic about the other two—poverty and chastity. She was made for a devotee; and her ambition was to sacrifice and suffer everything that could be devised to show her contempt of a less exalted life than she proposed to lead. The Reverend Mother's ways did not suit her notions at all.

One day the three young maidens were sitting at their table of study, silently bending over their work, which was illuminating each a page of a manuscript which was to be printed as a book. This was an occupation which Anna relished; and she was sufficiently absorbed in her study of the brilliant blue and red and gold colors that she was using not to wish to speak, if talk had been



ever so much approved. The sister who instructed them criticised their work in the fewest words, leaving them in the intervals. They supposed she was returning when some one entered, but the vivacious voice of the Reverend Mother brought them all to their feet in an instant. She laughed, praised their diligence, and then doubted whether she ought to praise it, for it was too great. She must not have her children grow crooked over their paint-brushes. In one more quarter of an hour they must go to the swing in the orchard; or they might play at bowls on the green, if they preferred it. On their obedience, she charged them not to paint another stroke after the sands in the glass had run out. She perceived that Emilia's face was flushed already.

Emilia's face *was* flushed. She was vexed at being bidden to go and play when saintship was her object. She had now and then dropped a word of discontent before her companions, and had been cheeked for it; but now she was in a really rebellious mood. She intimated that the Reverend Mother's levity disgusted her; and that she found her heavenward path obstructed by the snares and temptations put in her way by the very guardian who should have saved her from them. To give them a fowl for supper yesterday when the rest of the world was fasting was an insult and an injury. Things had come to such a pass that one could not refuse fish, and fast altogether, without having flesh forced down one's throat. Even on fish days, as often as not, one had one's fish in savory pies, rich with spices; and the vegetables sauced. Then, again, one found in one's mug, sweet, strong ales, on a cold winter day, at the very time when it was best for the soul to find the water with ice in it. This was not the way to rise in grace: this was not, in her opinion, the true reading of the vow of poverty.

Elizabeth reminded her that there was another vow—that of obedience. The Reverend Mother must be the judge, in all matters of discipline. This was indisputable; and Anna was glad to be reminded of it. She had felt a little uneasy at times at the favors lavished upon herself,—special favors, she apprehended. One evening she was forbidden to rise for the early morning service, under suspicion of having, or being about to have, a little cold. The chill chapel was not

the place for her—just warm out of her bed; she must lie still till a later bell sounded. One winter day she found a pan of charcoal in her cell; and on that occasion the mother looked wise, and said it was a little secret between them and the sister who had put it there. She dreaded chilblains for her pet children; and when the snow prevented their exercise out of doors, there was no harm in a little pan of charcoal in a quiet way. Anna thought her bed too soft from the beginning; and as the winter advanced, it became softer and warmer. She had once or twice meditated a grateful remonstrance; but Elizabeth's truism, that obedience was due to the ordainer of the discipline, settled the matter. When mother or sister came to see her, she always had the same story to tell—of the Reverend Mother's tender care; and the Abbess always stroked her cheek, and called on all observers to bear witness to the health and bloom of the dear child. Parents and sister saw it with strong satisfaction. Anna was happy; there was no doubt of that: the Abbess declared there was no doubt of her honorable admission to the vows; and thus, all anxiety about her was over.

At times, Anna did wish that her year of probation was at an end. It was astonishing to her that the nuns could join so eagerly as they did in the amusements which were ordered ostensibly for the novices. She felt it rather humiliating to be amused with hot codlings and blind man's buff when prayers were over; but the sisters seemed really to like it. She would give up her turn to any one of them when she should be no longer a novice. In those days, the real purpose of her life would be more attended to. At present, her growth in grace seemed to be the last thing aimed at. In a few months it would be otherwise.

An important event had to happen first, however. Every two or three years a Miracle Play was acted at this house, which was somewhat distinguished for its appliances in that way. The spectacle charmed the country people, who were permitted a distant sight of it; and it sometimes conveyed some useful lessons to them. It advertised the convent and its attractions to the gentry; and it amused the novices at times when they might otherwise have been growing dull, and liable to some caprice about their destination. At the present time, there

were further aims in view. The public had been seeing some scandalous and dangerous plays acted lately, on many a village stage; and the old-fashioned clergy were disposed to meet innovators on their own ground, when it could be conveniently done. They set their ablest heads to work to compose sacred dramas, in which old saints were honored over again, and the fate of innovators, and the doom of heretics, were plainly exhibited. Anna and her companions were directed to learn certain parts, and consider how they should like to be dressed, for the Midsummer day when the Bishop would come to see their Miracle Play.

On this occasion, Elizabeth and Emilia seemed to have changed characters. Elizabeth's obedience evidently cost her a struggle, while Emilia's face became radiant as soon as she knew what her part was to be. She was to despise the pomps and vanities of the world; and Elizabeth was to make great fight against the Devil in the shape of a reforming friar. Anna's part was easy enough; her anxiety was not at all about what the Mother and sisterhood would think of her performance; but about how many and who would be admitted within the court, on the occasion.

Possibly she obtained some light on the latter point before the day arrived, from some other quarter than the convent authorities. Reverend Mother, and divers reverend fathers—confessors and an instructing monk or two—said encouraging and facetious things about the pleasure of the day to the parents and sisters of the performers; but Anna had some notion of somebody else being there. One day she was taking her usual walk in the garden with Elizabeth, when they stopped, as was their daily practice, near the great range of beehives which stood under the north wall. This bee establishment was one of the chief features of the economy of the house. Much honey was requisite for the making of the conserves which had a high reputation in the market. There was always mead, also, in the cellars; and plain as was the cookery in the house, it involved some use of honey. The heath and the garden together could support a great number of bees; and they afforded a good reason for making the garden as gay and fragrant as it was. Everybody was to consider the bees; and the walk before their

hives was not allowed to be frequented to their disturbance. The novices were permitted to have each a swarm, and to visit the hives once a day, at the hour of their exercise. Some of the sisters were afraid of the bees; others did not care about them; and some despised them as a frivolity. They were satisfied to see them from a distance; and the bee-keeper was satisfied to go at fixed hours to attend to her charge. Emilia declined her privilege of having a swarm of her own: and, being compelled to take exercise, chose to take it alone, that her mind might not be corrupted by the pleasures of conversation. Therefore it happened that Anna and Elizabeth were at the bee-stand every fine day by themselves. This was the only time when they felt secure of not being overheard; and this was therefore the hour when they exchanged such confidence as had yet grown up between them.

One morning they sauntered down the green walk, taking note of the rose-trees and climbing sweet-peas and spreading pinks, all which would be wanted for the beaupots on the day of the play. Elizabeth reached the bee-stand a moment before Anna, stooped, and then stepped back, turning away and gathering herbs, so as to leave Anna face to face with the bees. A letter lay on the ground beside the stand; and the initials showed for whom it was intended. In an instant it was lodged within Anna's dress, and she stood, with heightened color, apparently watching her bees, till Elizabeth asked her whether she would prefer finishing her walk alone.

"I had much rather you would stay with me," said Anna. "I have often wished to ask you something, but I was afraid: I must ask it now."

"I do not promise to answer," said Elizabeth.

"Of course not; but I hope you will. I want to know what you think—whether you have heard anything said—what you yourself feel about confessing."

"What about it? It is such a large subject!" replied Elizabeth.

"I believe I mean—whether you think it necessary to tell everything—all you know, and all you think and fancy—to your director."

"I am aware why you ask that question to-day," observed Elizabeth.

"But I have always meant to ask it some day. I am sure, from what they tell us here of the peril of the opinions that are abroad, that people are not so satisfied as they were with religion and the clergy; and I have heard my father ask my uncle the Bishop whether it was not true that a great many men do not confess at all, and say that confession is fit only for women. My uncle looked very grave upon it, and admitted that this was true."

"True that confession is fit only for women?"

"No: you know a Bishop could not say that. It was true that men spoke in that way."

"Well! what then?"

"Why, I have thought sometimes that you have heard more than any of us of such new notions."

"Perhaps I have."

"And that you may not like being a nun so much as I shall."

"You are sure that you shall like it?"

"No doubt. It is surely a blessed and honorable lot. Why do you look so in my face?"

"That I may understand how to speak; or, rather, whether to speak at all."

"O yes: do say all you think."

"But I must know, then, what *you* think about confession."

"That is the thing that I am uncertain about. I have nothing to conceal about my own thoughts; but I know many people consider that we cannot be bound to reveal what is told to us in confidence."

"That is my opinion," said Elizabeth, frankly. "If, for instance, I discovered any secret by accident—if I saw the corner of a letter peeping out of any one's dress—I should regard that as a matter with which I have no concern, and no more tell it to my director than any one else."

"Thank you!" said Anna. "But I spoke the truth when I said that I never had anything to conceal."

"You may find it different, as time goes on. No woman can be sure that she will never feel it impossible to utter some things in her experience. Such an one will never be betrayed by me."

"Our director would say that is infringing our vow of obedience."

"And if we did not agree with him?"

"He would say that we cannot judge about right and wrong without his guidance: and what could we answer then?"

"We have, or can now have, the same direction that teaches him how to guide us. The Scriptures are, or may be, in the hands of all the people now."

"Have you seen the Bible?"

"Yes, I have."

"Where? How? I should so like to see the Bible!"

"Would you? Consider well whether you seriously mean this. If you do, you shall see the Bible."

"But I mean I should like to read it—to study it."

"Well: you shall."

"When?"

"Why, to-morrow or any day, if you will be cautious and discreet."

Anna looked so surprised that her companion observed,

"You have sometimes said I thought differently from you and others about religion and a religious life. What I wish you to understand is, that persons who do not approve of conventual vows may be as religious as those who do. Some of them may be more so."

"How can that be?"

"If the Bible shows them how they may keep their religion sacredly and silently in their hearts, and pray to God, and confess their sins, without any priest to come between, such persons may be more religious than others who leave everything to some man, who may be unwise, or over-busy, or even a sinner himself. I do not want you, or any whom I know, to change any method which they are accustomed to. All I want is, that you should see that I am not necessarily irreligious if I do not make a good nun."

"But will you be a nun, if such are your thoughts?"

"I do not know. I am uncertain what I shall do. There are more than four months before us yet; and I wait to see what will happen."

"What can happen between this and November?"

"I do not know. All I know is, that there is a great stir in people's minds, and that some believe that there will not long be many nuns."

"Is it possible?"

"It is quite possible; and it is very natural that you should not have heard of it yet. Our Reverend Mother is anxious to make us so happy here, that we shall not look beyond this wall. But there is much going on beyond that wall: and a little bird may at any time tell us something of it. In four months we may know more."

"But the disgrace!" exclaimed Anna. "Who could bear, after being looked up to during a noviciate, to make a confession of reluctance? Who could bear the contempt and severity of her director, or go against his counsel! Who could bear to become a discredit instead of an honor to her family, and to disappoint parents, and——"

"And an uncle who is a Bishop?" observed Elizabeth.

"No: I was not thinking of myself; for I am satisfied with my lot. It has been settled for me; and I suppose it is best. I was thinking of you."

"I cannot tell how I could bear it. It would be very terrible. But it is also very terrible to think of spending a whole life within these walls, unless one shared the thoughts and feelings of the place. To be obedient for life to a woman like——"

"Our Reverend Mother? I was certain you did not like her."

"I do not. But I have never seen any one at whose mercy I should like to be for life. And I do not see that I could make friends of any of the sisters. You would be my only real sister in this place."

"Then you could not sacrifice your own desires for the sake of religion?"

"I think I could, if I were certain that religion would be honored by it: but that is the very point; and the more I read the Bible, the more doubtful I become about it."

"All this is very strange."

"I dare say it is,—to you. I am so accustomed to such thoughts, that I may have said more than I ought. The day may come when we shall regret this hour's walk."

"Never, if you mean that we shall betray each other. If our director asks no new questions, I think I shall not mind having a secret from him, And if he does——"

"But you have a secret already."

"Not that I know of," said Anna, with a look of sincerity which perplexed her companion. "I have never had a letter which

did not come through our Reverend Mother's hands; and perhaps I may show her this one, when I have seen what it is."

"Pray read it first," said Elizabeth.

"You do not know how it may involve somebody else. Shall I leave you now?"

"Oh, no! I cannot read it here. We do not know what eyes may be upon us."

The moment she was again in her cell, Anna sat down with her back against the door, to which there was no lock or bolt, and there she read her letter.

It was from Captain Fletcher. He would not have presumed to write if he could have found other means of communicating with her. He would not have disturbed her peace for the sake of his own. But much had happened since they parted which it was necessary for her to know, and which he was confident she did not know. She had probably not been informed of the King's increased irritation against Rome since his new marriage—

His new marriage! Was Queen Anne dead then? The letter fell from Anna's hand, but was soon snatched up, that she might learn more. The clergy and others who had hoped that the King's love for his Protestant Queen (such was the name by which the innovators were now becoming known) had led him into his rebellion against the Pope, and who had trusted that another marriage might bring him back, were already discovering their mistake. Queen Jane was at least as much in favor of the new doctrines as her predecessor had been; and great changes were looked for. Already the royal displeasure against the Benedictines had been manifested in a way which had alarmed the whole clergy. The King had caused an inquiry to be instituted into the establishments of that Order; and it was expected that some of their houses would be shut up. It was impossible to say what might not follow; and in such times it was not the same thing as formerly to embrace the life of the cloister. There were scandals abroad which altered the character of that life. It was not so respected as it used to be—not so efficacious to religion—not so safe; and every novice ought to be fully aware of this while there was yet time for consideration. Therefore it was that Anna's friend ventured upon the serious risk of writing to her. He

doubted whether she would hear the truth from any other quarter, and he could not leave her in ignorance of it.

This was not all the letter, however. He told her that he hoped to be a spectator of the Miracle Play, and thus to see her once more, though he was aware that her face would be hidden. He told how he had learned the right time to venture upon throwing his letter at her feet, and said that she would to-morrow, at the same hour, find a slight string hanging from the wall in the shadow of the bee-stand; and he trusted to find a letter fastened to it after her daily walk.

Anna had never in her life been so ruffled as this day. It was her habit to acquiesce in the doings of all persons to whom she owed respect, and she felt it sinful to question their wisdom and goodness; but now, for the first time, indignant and rebellious feelings stirred within her. Though a child of the convent, she was not a child in years or in mind. She was there as an aspirant for the life of the cloister; she was soon to take the vows of her own will and at her own peril; and she had a right to complain of any concealment by which she would be deprived of the means of judging how to act. As she thought of the Queen, whom she and her family knew so well, being in some way lost, and another queen on the throne, without her having heard a word of it from parents, Superior, Bishop, or Director, she felt as if she was alone in the world, neglected or deceived; and again she half-doubted whether her information was good, and supposed the fault must be in the writer of the letter. She must consider what to do—how to answer him; and her heart was in such a flutter, that she feared she could not get through the day without betraying her discomposure.

It was less difficult than she had expected. Everybody was occupied; nobody was thinking of her—unless it was Elizabeth; and her good offices were a great help. By their mutual understanding the two novices obtained moments for speaking to each other before parting for the night; and Anna knew before she reached her cell that the Queen had been dead some weeks, and how she had died. She dared not weep; but she passed the night in more pain of heart than she had ever known.

In the course of that night she resolved what to do in regard to her correspondent. She must reply, because it was necessary to stop his sending letters over the wall. She would not for a moment admit the idea of corresponding with him; but she must write one note, to promise him one letter, which should contain all she had to say to him.

She secreted a scrap of paper at her painting next morning, and she wrote on it her directions to her friend over the wall. He was to write no more—that was positive. There was to be a sale of the nuns' handiwork at the convent, after the Miracle Play, as usual; and, as usual, the greatest number of purchasers would be welcome. There would be a lavender cushion of Anna's work; and she described its color, and a private mark in one corner by which it might be known. In that cushion a letter would be found,—a letter which must be written, but which must be the first and last.

Elizabeth was again busy among the roses opposite the bee-stand; and the scrap of paper was fastened to a string so well hidden that it would probably have remained unobserved all day; but it was gone the next time the friends came down the walk.

By the time the great holiday arrived, Anna had recovered her composure; and she took care that Elizabeth was assured of it, and of her having no intention to correspond with any one outside. She had finished her cushion, and seen a high price placed upon it by the Lady Superior, who little dreamed what it contained. Yet, if she had read the letter which lay in lavender within, she could have found little to object to in it. Anna thought and said that she wished she had been treated with more confidence by her family and the authorities to whom she owed obedience; but that perhaps it was not for her to decide what their course should be. She did not see that the circumstances were in any way changed, in regard to her destination to a religious life. If the vocation was less honored and less secure than formerly, that was a reason for more devotedness, rather than for retreat from her purpose. She had not the holy zeal of her comrade Emilia, who was a true devotee: but she hoped she was not in so low a state of mind as to desert her vocation because it was becoming less praised and less safe and peaceful than hitherto. Her



purpose was not changed; and she did not believe it would be.

Her affairs beyond the walls being thus settled, Anna could again look the Reverend Mother in the face, though certainly not with the grateful trust of former days. Aware of her method of treatment of her novices, she now saw through many devices which were rather humiliating. She concluded, however, that they were part of the system; and she supposed the system to be wise beyond her understanding. It was only for a little while, too. In a few weeks she would be a nun, and there would be no further need of such special management. Or, if the sisters also were kept uninformed of the world's doings, there was no ground of complaint for herself individually; and she must accept the life of the cloister as it was.

The festival day passed over favorably. The Reverend Mother was kinder than ever to everybody, and perfectly charming to the families of the novices. Emilia was extolled to her regretful widowed mother as a saint in training. Elizabeth's quiet resignation was declared to be no less saintly in its way. Anna's childlike confidence, frankness, and obedience gave her a charm at least as delightful as the holiest enthusiasm. The novices, on the other hand, were congratulated on having such distinguished and agreeable relatives. The Bishop and his clergy were made supremely comfortable: the gentry were feasted with refreshments, and the common people in the court and outer field with ale, bread and meat. The performance went off admirably. The masks worn by the performers gave them confidence; and the saints were vindicated, and heretics were burned, and Judas was exposed, and the Devil rebuked with complete poetical justice. The sisters saw all from behind their gratings, and could indulge in envious criticism of the youngsters who were being spoiled by the authorities, during the year which caused sad heart-burnings among those who were assumed to be too mature and too holy for indulgence. The nuns all agreed, that in their noviciate these plays were better acted, and produced a much stronger sensation among the spectators.

They were, perhaps, unaware of all the sensation that was excited. The burning of the heretic was not altogether so well taken as it used to be. Within the courtyard

there were a few grave and gloomy faces among many exulting ones; and it was well-known afterwards that there had been some trouble in the outer field, when the narrative of the play was handed out, as it were, from the court, to those who could not see or hear. More than one fellow held forth to a small crowd of his own about what heresy was, and why it was punished. Some heard now for the first time that the King had proclaimed that it was no longer heresy to speak against the Pope and his decrees; and there was some consultation in one corner, whether it would not be well to force a way into the court, and rescue the heretic then at the stake. This was put down, however; and everybody within the gates declared that nothing could go off better than their Miracle Play.

Anna had seen all the faces she looked for; and she had spoken with Captain Fletcher himself. It was only for a minute, and in company with both her natural and her spiritual mother. It was permitted because Anna looked well in her novice-dress, and was self-possessed and cheerful in her manner. He could not contrive to pass anything into her hand. She gave him no opportunity; but he made himself master of the lavender cushion, without asking any questions about whose work it was, and with a joke as to what he should do with it.

When all were gone, and the gates were closed, and some of the inmates were weary, and others cross with the unwonted excitement or the lassitude it left behind, Anna was brighter and happier than in the morning. The sisters said it was because the Reverend Mother had set aside all the daintiest of the fragments to feast the novices with. The Abbess thought it was from complacency at the praise she had gained, and the honor and blessing of belonging to the convent. Emilia pitied her for it as for levity which must be scourged out of her by much penance. Elizabeth concluded she had exchanged some speech or letter with some friend outside. They were all wrong. Anna was herself unaware what made her so light-hearted this summer evening. It was the thought that Henry Fletcher would by that time be learning that she was satisfied to fulfil her destination, and better pleased to abide by the life of the cloister for its being no longer the title to honor that it had been.

The Queen's death was spoken of openly that evening. It had been so loudly referred to in the crowd in the course of the day, that it was better to announce it, without mention of dates. Emilia was the only person taken by surprise; and she scarcely concealed her triumph at the end arrived at by so innovating, so irreverent, and so worldly a person as the Anne Boleyn so well known hereabouts. Elizabeth and Anna made little reply to the announcement, and naturally showed no sudden consternation. The Abbess reported the fact to the Bishop, and added that even she was surprised at their equanimity: but it was only another evidence of the chastening influence of the discipline of the house, and the love which she herself lavished on her young charge. The Bishop paid the expected compliment, but added that women do not naturally take an interest in public affairs.

By the Reverend Mother's permission, the novices received each a present from each other's relatives—the gifts passing through her own hands. Anna's was a footstool, just the same size and make as one that Elizabeth had been allowed to bring with her. The Abbess piously observed that it would be all the better for being sometimes used as a prie-Dieu, which would be a set-off against its otherwise being a sort of luxury. With this hint it was put into Anna's hands.

It was not till the next day that its possessor became aware of its real use and value. Elizabeth showed her that the under part was movable, and that behind it there was an open book so fastened in that it could be read only by the stool being turned up on the knees. The leaves could be turned over and slipped under a strap, and, in case of alarm, a moment sufficed to put the stool underfoot. It was not even necessary to draw out the cover till it could be done in safety.

"But who gives me this?" asked Anna, in a glow of pleasure.

"I do. It has been a great blessing to me, and therefore I give it to you. No mat-

ter how I contrived it. I must give you one warning, however. You must find some other hiding-place, if you finally choose to remain here. Such a luxury as a footstool will not be allowed."

"You speak as if you were not to be here, too," said Anna, looking wistfully in her face. "Will you really go out into such a world?"

"I am still uncertain," Elizabeth replied. "Perhaps I shall not have virtue to make up my mind till I can delay no longer. Meantime, read this latter part," showing the New Testament, "and tell me what you then think of our position."

"But you are older and wiser than I," said Anna. "How should I say anything worth your hearing?"

"I wish to try, nevertheless. This book, too, gives wisdom. You are not afraid of it, are you?"

"No; not of the book, only of doing wrong. You do not think it wrong to read it, or you would not give it to me."

"Certainly. I do not think it wrong to read the most religious books in the world, which the King and Primate permit to be read—not only in churches but in private. They restrain us from discussing it in public, that is all."

"Then we need not mind the Bishop and the Reverend Mother."

"If they and the higher authorities give contradictory orders, we must choose which to obey. So far I am clear."

"I dare read it, and I dare justify the reading, then," said Anna. "About the vow of obedience we must reflect well. The question is whom we are to obey?"

"That is the whole question for you, I see," said Elizabeth.

As soon as Anna was alone she opened her treasure. She did not stop at any page, but turned over all—every one. There was no note—not the smallest scrap—from anybody between any two leaves. She sighed, felt very weary at last, and longed to be asleep.

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From The Spectator.

## THE CARDINAL AND THE BEGUM.

APPROPOS of all martyrs and saints, the most extraordinary of all accessions to that noble army is to take place in a few years hence, as soon as time allows. An enormous bribe has actually placed the name of Begum Sombre on the first step which leads to canonization. The fact would appear incredible, considering not merely her crimes (they are, perhaps, not much to the purpose), but her Moslem creed. I received my information, however, from quarters entirely beyond question.—*Daily News*, April 3.

Antonelli was deep in that slumber which blesses The sons of the faith through all earthly distresses,

Forgetting Napoleon; forgiving Mérode;  
Oblivious of all that the Treasury owed;  
And dreaming St. Michael, blue-cinctured like

Hope,  
Was bombarding Turin, and restoring the Pope;

When his dream seemed to change and a figure of light,

Yellow-slipped, brown-turbaned, with drapery of white,

With bistre complexion, and eyes like a snake,  
Stood before him and said, "Antonelli awake!"

The Cardinal started, "Good God! who are you?"

Shall a priest be disturbed by a yellow Hindoo?"

The Cardinal shuddered, "By Bacchus, I see,  
It is no delusion—O saints, it's a she—"  
Some trick to undo me, some infamous plant—  
I am firm, I am pure; wretched woman, away!"

But one finger she raised, and said, "Cardinal, stay,

Ere you call up the house only hear what I say:  
Besides, all this uproar will make matters worse."

Then a jingle was heard as of gold in a purse.

The Cardinal sank on his pillow subdued,

—The witchcraft was potent—the spirit pursued:

"Antonelli, my soul is impatient for rest,  
I have wandered long years through the homes of the blest;

But Brahma disowns me—in fact he was rude,  
And I can't force my way through the circles to Boodh,

And Mahomet says I'm not one of the four,  
And St. Peter just saw me and bolted the door,  
And Protestants talk of impenitent sin,  
And it's dreary outside—and I cannot get in.

"Antonelli assist me—I'm told that there's hope

If I can but obtain special leave from the Pope;  
But the Pope, worthy soul, 's an unbusiness-like man,

He would potter and pray—you would act—and you can;

Try to think me a virgin who slumbered too late,

Consider the glory of opening the gate—"

"The glory—but, Begum, consider the scandal,  
Every scoffer and heretic finding a handle

To say we took Turks in; you're much to be pitied,—

But orders are orders—you can't be admitted."

The Ghost wrung its hands, "Must trifles like these

Cheat the Church of a soul and a million rupees;

I had thought that the treasure I gathered below  
Would buy frocks for St. Agnes, and guns for the foe."

"A million rupees! are they here? Holy powers!

Do you trust in St. Agnes? O Begum, be ours!

The faith that could bring you, with money in hand,

From limbo, or worse, to the place where you stand,

Is sufficient, believe me,—that root of all evil  
Left behind in our hands, just as bail for the devil—

To take you to Heaven by the special express  
Which we fit up for all who can enter full-dress.

If they see Him at all it's sufficient for these;  
But you, with a touch of canonical paint,

Blessed Begum, will sit on his right, as a Saint!"

THE two concluding volumes of Lord Auckland Life's and Letters are announced. The contents will be found startling, not only in political, but in all social circles. Many of the letters are marked *secret* and *confidential*, and relate to most important transactions now for the first time made known. The letters are from His Majesty George the Third, Right Hon. W. Pitt, Lord Liverpool, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Grenville, Lord Henley, Lord Loughborough, and many other distinguished personages, and relate to the great party struggles from 1793 to 1814; to the sad illness of his majesty;

the private life of Mr. Pitt, his early attachment, and his dying hours and death; to the hitherto unknown proposition for the *Partition of France*, at the period of the first French Revolution; exciting details from day to day from the Right Hon. J. Beresford and Lord Clare of the progress and extinction of the Irish Rebellion, the suicide of Wolf Tone, the last visit of his sister to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and his death; the progress of the French Revolution; an unpublished contemporary account of the flight and capture of the royal family at Varennes; the early triumphs of the First Napoleon. etc., etc.

From The Spectator.

#### THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ROME.

It is a trite subject of complaint that systematic excavations have never been undertaken in Rome. After making all allowance for the many kinds of devastations that have fallen upon the Eternal City, it is certain that although it may not have still buried as much as we would wish to see within its heaps of accumulated rubbish, there is yet a great deal not brought to light which would be of a startling interest. Such a discovery has been recently made at the church of San Clemente, and this, which is undoubtedly the most important discovery that has happened in Rome for many years, is due to hap-hazard. The church of San Clemente, between the Coliseum and the Lateran, is well known to every church antiquary as, from its construction, one of the most interesting, and it has hitherto been supposed one of the most ancient, Christian churches. Tradition, sanctioned by the Church, considers it to stand upon the site of St. Clement's house, by him converted into an oratory, while criticism has been content, at all events, to admit its existence at the end of the fourth century on the distinct testimony of St. Jerome, who says, "*Hominis ejus (Clementis) memoriam usque hodie Romæ constricta ecclesia custodit.*" It is this particular church which has been generally believed to be preserved in the remarkable edifice still going by the name of St. Clement, but the excavations, which are entirely due to the intelligent energy of the prior, Father Mullooly, have established that the church, so long contemplated with intense interest by Christian archaeologists, is of a comparatively modern date—that the objects of undoubted antiquity within it have been brought thither from an older building, and that the older building, the very same spoken of by St. Jerome, is still standing beneath, and actually supporting the present church. Unfortunately, the very slender means at his disposal have not enabled the prior to do more, as yet, than clear out one whole aisle and a very small bit of the other. The remainder of this aisle, and the nave, are still filled up with earth, and will require a deal of additional labor, as soon as the requisite funds may allow Father Mullooly to go on with his work of love. The isle cleared out

is supported by antique columns, two of which are of extremely precious marbles, not known to exist anywhere else in blocks of such size. One of them is valued at six thousand Roman crowns. But still more interesting are the paintings on the walls. It appears that they were covered with paintings; what has been preserved, are, however, merely fragments where the plaster has not come away. But these fragments are generally, as regards color and design, in a remarkably good condition. They represent, amongst other subjects, Our Saviour—once in a bust; another time seated holding two books in one hand, while blessing with the other; a third time as a babe in his mother's lap; a group of heads as of an assembly; two feet nailed to a cross of an upturned figure, and therefore supposed to represent St. Peter; a head with an imperial diadem; a bishop robed with the Eastern pallium; curious designs of animals. Naturally the sight of these paintings has excited great curiosity to ascertain the date of this execution, and the point is one which has been made matter of hot discussion amongst the learned in Rome. We have no pretension of pronouncing an award in a controversy of so very delicate a nature, and resting on an appreciation of much which can never be made amenable to positive and irrefutable tests. There are, however, certain points beyond dispute. In the first place, it is admitted that the drawing and execution of these paintings are marked with an excellence very much above the type of Byzantine art, properly so called. It is impossible to hesitate as to the fact that the expression in the heads and the general touch of the workmanship exhibit a greater mastery than is to be found in any other preserved Christian paintings. At the same time, Our Saviour is represented—according to what is established as the type of the first centuries—without a beard. This is very strong evidence in favor of an early date. Also the costumes and other indications point to a period when the style of the Byzantine courts prevailed in Rome. The dresses of the figures, forming apparently an assembly, are of a thoroughly Byzantine character, as also the crown upon the supposed emperor's head, and the robing of the bishop. Although, therefore, we cannot presume to decide



whether the third or the sixth centuries be the date of their execution, it does seem to us that the evidence is tolerably conclusive that they must be referred to a period when the *first* traditions of the Church were not yet effaced, and when Rome was still thoroughly a city of the empire.

The interests awakened by these paintings has, however, been superseded by a discovery made a few months ago by the indefatigable prior. In the very small portion of the second aisle cleared out he fell upon a wall just under the line of columns in the upper church, and the purpose of which, in its position between aisle and nave, is as yet difficult to guess. Further excavation will show whether it runs on; at present their are but about eight feet in length, and perhaps ten feet in height of it—the side facing the nave being covered with paintings which, whether we consider their perfect preservation, or their subject, or merely the inscriptions on them, must rank as the most startling things that have been brought to light for a long while in Rome. The paintings are divided into three horizontal compartments, the middle one being separated from the one below by an inscription which has given rise to considerable discussion. The upper compartment is alone injured. All the figures have had their heads effaced, but still the subject is perfectly clear, and the names are subscribed under each figure. Upon a raised altar stands St. Clement in the moment of being installed by St. Peter, Linus and Cletus being in attendance. Could we really believe that we here have before us a painting of the early date to which some eager antiquaries would fain refer it, we should then possess a very precious piece of evidence on one of the most obscure points of Church chronology as to the order in which the immediate successors of St. Peter were considered to follow in the primitive days of Christianity. But this we apprehend it will be found not safe to assume. The great middle painting is most interesting and perfectly preserved. It represents Pope St. Clement *with the glory round his head* officiating at the altar—the book thereon being open at the passage *Dominus vobiscum*. On either side are the congregation, offering in the representation many points of interest on which we have not space to dwell.

Amongst these figures there occur in one corner two whom, from the inscriptions, we learn to be Sisinian and Theodora, martyrs under Nerva, connected with Clement by Church legend, and whose relics are preserved in Rome; and on the opposite side a figure of a certain Beno, as to whom the great inscription running along the bottom of the painting supplies the only information we possess. It runs thus: “+ Ego Beno di Rapiza, cum Maria Uxore mea, pro amore Dei et Beati Clementis.” But who was this individual—was he the painter or merely the individual who from piety caused the painting to be executed? Much has been conjectured on these heads, on which it would be to no purpose to enter. It is better to confine ourselves to what can be recovered of certain distinct and well-authenticated features. In the first place, the form of the letters and the contractions in this inscription are exactly such as are recognized to have been usual in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Secondly, the same names, Beno and Rapiza, although not in conjunction, occur in records of that period, when mention is made of a *Count Rapiza of Todi*. The style of writing and the names would therefore both be quite easily referable to either of those two centuries, and would, indeed, seem to point to them with conclusive evidence. Nevertheless, it is the opinion of some antiquarians that this painting must be ascribed to an earlier date by *several* centuries, in consequence of the *combined* Latin and Italian inscriptions on the pictures of the lower compartment, and they would fain believe they have here proofs of the Italian vernacular tongue having been in use at a time considerably before the date generally assigned to its origin. The paintings in the lower compartment are, in truth, very singular, and, from the positive ribaldry occurring in the inscription, strangely out of place in a church. Several workmen, possibly slaves, are represented laboring to raise a column in the presence of Sisinian, probably their master, who upbraids them as sluggards in language which, to say the least, is of a kind that would not be expected from a saint whose relics are a precious object of worship. To give the reader an idea of the tongue employed, and how near it approaches modern Italian, we must needs go

from the saint to the workman for words fit to quote. The one on the extreme left gets or else gives the following order: "Falite dereto co e palo Carvoncele," which means, "Carvoncele, get thyself behind with the spade." Side by side with such thoroughly Italian sentences there are others in undeniable, although not thoroughly grammatical, Latin; and it is this juxtaposition which is singularly enough held to indicate by some archæologists an origin variously put at the fifth and ninth centuries. We cannot say that anything we have heard advanced in favor of this view has appeared to us warranted by the evidence on hand. On the contrary, the remains in the church seem to us to speak against so early a date of this particular picture. For while costume and style of expression in the paintings on the other walls of the church are in the character of the earlier Byzantine period, the costumes here, especially in the kirtles, cloaks, and shoes, are, decidedly according to well-known fashions of the middle ages. But that does not do away with the capital importance on other grounds of this picture. Paintings of such good execution, dating probably from the eleventh century, and evidently the work of an artist who was decidedly not the mere puppet of Byzantine traditions in their last stage of degradation, are to be looked upon as discoveries of the greatest value, and it would be matter of the highest interest if more were to be brought to light in the not yet explored portions of the church.

This does not close the list of the remarkable objects that engage our attention. This ancient church is now found to rest on Roman substructures of immense and very varied construction, whose style affords matter for perplexing speculation; while our topographical knowledge of the quarter of classical Rome is so vague as to supply no data as yet for anything but the merest haphazard surmise as to their possible nature. These substructures show three very distinct constructions, one being of the well-known brickwork of imperial times. But, besides, there is some massive masonry in travertine, such as was not uncommon in buildings of Augustus' time, below which again there is an immense wall, not yet excavated to the bottom, but of which some ten feet are laid bare, built in huge blocks of what, on the

authority of Professor Ponzi, the most eminent geologist in Rome, has been pronounced the *old* Roman tufa, used in the earliest constructions before the Gabine and Alban stone came to be employed. This, however, could not, in our opinion, be in itself enough to prove the primitive age of this construction, unless it were established that the Roman tufa was never more employed when once the Gabine and Alban stone had become known. Far more conclusive would be the fact, confidently asserted by some, that the blocks are not cemented, and that what now looks like cement is of later introduction—the result of the rubbish and puzzolana earth with which everything was filled up. It does appear to us, after examination, that there may be some grounds for this opinion, and it will be well worth while, therefore, closely to inspect the yet buried portions of the wall, with a view to establishing this very interesting point. Here, also, it may perhaps be possible to obtain some more trustworthy indication as to what the building may have been than the off-hand surmise that it must have been the wall of Servius Tullius, merely because reared in hewn stones upon a line between the Aventine and Esquiline. Undoubtedly we have here materials for a discovery of incalculable value for the topography of classical Rome; but there is, likewise, another point of interest connected with these substructures of St. Clement's church. How is the existence of such constructions reconcilable with the Church tradition that the saint had built his church on the site of his own dwelling? These and a great many more important matters it might be probably hoped would be solved by a thorough excavation of the old church and the ground about it. The startling remains brought to light warrant the greatest hopes, yet, strange to say, the excavations so successfully begun have been forcibly brought to a close from an absolute want of money, and Father Mullooly, after having tried by his own energy, and even personal labor, as far as he could, to supply the absence of public support, has sadly been obliged now to desist from the prosecution of those cherished labors he has been pushing with so much intelligence. We trust that the suspension may prove only momentary.

The two articles which next follow are from *The Boston Recorder* of 17 April, and should have been copied before the two in the last number. We are glad they were not out of reach.

#### THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

THOUGH on a short notice, the President's appointment of a national thanksgiving to be observed on the last Sabbath, was extensively complied with. But this is a thanksgiving not for a day's observance, but to be daily renewed, as new occasions occur; as we trust they will occur. We have been invited to give thanks to God for signal successes, appointed to the national forces in the present mighty struggle to perpetuate our national existence. The invitation presupposes that God himself is the proper author of these events. And all thanksgivings would be impertinent, if he were not their author. What this nation now needs, more than anything else, is an all-penetrating conviction that God is doing more than man in every movement upon this great field of war. First of all we have need to feel that the war itself did not come upon us by chance. Nor did the seeds of the rebellion grow and ripen without his distinct permission or purpose. He saw urgent occasion to visit upon us calamities so proportioned to our national sins. And he chose the men, the means, and the way of the dread infliction. A deluge was needed to sweep away the monstrous accumulations of our national offences; and so he ordered that the fountains of the great deep should be broken up, and the windows of heaven should be opened for the showers of wrath upon us. But his purpose in the matter is no excuse or relief to the human authors of the fearful conspiracy, who had no eye or regard to his purposes in the fabrication of their own—who, singly intent on their own schemes, yet fulfilled what his hand and his counsel determined before should be done.

So all our acknowledgments of God's hand in these events should take their start in a thorough conviction that all the national calamities which we have felt, have come as a clear appointment of God's visiting our national sins upon us, and intending thereby to work upon us such national reformatations or changes, as he saw to be needful to answer his great designs upon the world. This recognition of his hand should be carried through all the events which awake our

anxieties, our hopes or fears, our sorrows or our rejoicings in the daily progress of the immense conflict. And when the telegraphs report signal deliverances from threatened danger, or triumphant successes of our arms, our first thought should be of God, the first cause of our success. Most ungrateful and provoking would be our reception of his favors, if wholly forgetful of his hand, we make our victories the occasion of boasting of the prowess of our men, and of burning the incense of hero-worship under the nostrils of our military commanders. It is indeed fitting that those who have periled their lives, and devoted distinguished military talents, and given their anxious days and nights under responsibilities so vast, to their country's service and deliverance should have due acknowledgments, as God's instruments in our preservation. Yea, and so is a nation's gratitude due, not only to the commanders whom victories reward with distinguished honors and with luminous names in history, but to every soldier who, perhaps with equal bravery, exposes, of his own free will, his life on the field of battle—his life as dear to himself and to his friends at home as is that of the commanding general to him and his friends. It is the self-sacrifice, the vigor and the prowess of the solid mass of soldiers that forms the mighty bulwark with which our commanders make our defence in the day of battle, and against which invading hosts dash themselves in vain. And it is God's inspiring the common soldier with a determination to do or die, that gives our generals the power to lead them forth to victory. Yea, it is fitting, both that the imperial abilities and mighty deeds of our commanders, and the prowess of our soldiery winning our victories, should receive a nation's grateful acknowledgment. Our gratitude is due to them; but in a higher and completer sense to God. It is God who raised up for us in a time of need, men that were capable of such great exploits; and it was God that has given the willing mind to our half million of men to rush to the field ready to risk, endure, and do, as those have done. So when we connect with our national rejoicings over victories our commendations of men, who have done valiantly for us, let us make these rejoicings acceptable to God as grateful incense, by carrying high above all, the con-

fession that the God who has given us the victory, has formed and fitted for us the men to work it out. Let us use the names of these men now clothed with a renown that will illumine the historic page ages hence, not to set forth our national boasting, or pamper our national pride, but let us look upon them as so many rich and timely gifts of God, and so stimulate our gratitude, which ought to mingle with our joy.

"Some must be great. Great offices will have Great talents. And God gives to every man The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, That lifts him into life, and lets him fall Just in the niche he was ordained to fill. To the deliverer of an injured land, He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs; To monarchs, dignity; to judges, sense; To artists, ingenuity and skill."

Yea, in the sphere of national and temporal favors, as well as spiritual, every good gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights.

Our gratitude on such an occasion also impels us to trace God's hand, as it orders every occurrence great and small that has led to victory or defeat, in all the breadth of the war. There are on fields of battle enough of what men technically call "*casualties*," but strictly speaking no accidents. God appoints the direction of every shot, originates every charge, determines every advance or retreat; he holds under control every movement of thought or purpose of the commander's mind; yea, and over all the strategy that plans the battle on either side, he holds his own counsels, and carries forward an all-controlling strategy for higher purposes, so that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. And often when the battle seems on the point of being lost, a small occurrence at the decisive moment, opens victory instead of defeat.

How strikingly was this exemplified in the case of the iron ship, the *Monitor*, which came in where it was wanted just in the nick of time. A new experiment in warfare had come forth for its first trial—a new and untried engine of naval war had entered the field where many ships not adapted to cope with her lay exposed. She comes forth and dashes against one and another, and deals destruction at every blow, while a numerous fleet of helpless vessels stands trembling in view of the next turn of her prow. Now by

what seems a strange chance—but what was really the appointment of God, providing for this emergency, the new and strange *Monitor* arrives with admonitions new in kind, and of impressive import. This vessel had been intended for another destination. And though that intent had been changed, and orders given for her to go to this point, those orders were countermanded after she sailed, and another vessel had been sent after her in vain in order to divert her from the point which she reached. Here man appointed, but God disappointed; disappointed the commander of our navy, for a broad purpose of salvation to that navy. By thwarting the purpose to send the *Monitor* elsewhere, he brought it in just at the time when it was best that it should come. It was well that it did not come in the day before, for then the *Merrimac* would not have given the illustration which she gave for the information of all the world, of the frailty and worthlessness of wooden vessels, now that the era of an iron-clad navy has opened. The destruction of those wooden walls was worth a thousand times the value of the vessels to us, in the demonstration it gave that other like wooden walls that had threatened from abroad were but paper, and that for purposes of mutual offence and defence hereafter, all existing navies of the world are on a level, and worthless, and that with our advantages we have nothing now to fear from any maritime nations threatening war against us. And it would have been a pity if the *Monitor* had come in before the demonstration of this problem; and greater pity if she had not come in when she did. For we had no other means of resistance to the *Merrimac* that could have stood the engagement for an hour. Our whole fleet at Hampton Roads would have been sacrificed. The *Merrimac* had nothing to hinder her approach to our national capital, and destroying all naval armaments, and all national property there, and laying the city itself in ashes. In short, but for the *Monitor* coming in at the nick of time, it was plainly within the power of the *Merrimac* to inflict such an injury as would have wholly turned the tide of success, given a new impulse to the then dispirited rebellion, put back the work of the war more than one year, and created occasion for the sacrifice of tens of thousands more of lives, and hundreds of millions more of treasure. Yea,



one of the most signal mercies of God's interference in our war has been that appointment which put that vessel just in that place, and just in that hour.

And this may be taken as a representative fact. In like manner, a wise and ever watchful Providence is directing all the occurrences of this fearful struggle. The same skilful, divine strategy lays and executes the whole plan of divine conduct herein. And on such grounds we lay our thanksgivings, which ascend to God, when the shouts of victory roll over our mountains and plains.

God's hand is upon our nation now, in a great work. He is making vast changes in the structure of the moral and political elements here—and so in the face with which this nation will look out upon the world, and the power it will exert abroad after this war is done. There is great unbelief as to the great moral and spiritual changes foreshadowed in prophecy. But need we doubt of such changes, while other nations and our own are in the midst of changes and convulsions so vast, changes touching moral interests so vitally?

#### GOD'S HAND AGAINST THE REBELLION.

##### ASSAULT ON FORT SUMTER.

EVERY one of us has a great interest in the issue of the pending struggle against the rebellion. But God has a greater. It is more to him than it can be to us. And he is doing more to bring it forth. Our commanders have their plans laid no doubt in far reaching wisdom to accomplish the end. But he has a plan to which every movement of every army is made to conform, and which runs through and controls all human plans. And it will be profitable for us to mark the evolution of his plans, and see wherein he has wrought for us, even where he seemed to be working against us. We purpose, in a few brief articles, to touch upon some of the events in which his hand especially appears.

We intend to note some of the events in the history of this nation for a year now gone, which show a marked interposition of Providence to deliver us from the threatened wreck. As God often works salvation by events seemingly adverse, so in remarkable instances has it been here; yea, to an extent which will justify the hope that this rebel-

lion itself, in all its broad sweep of mischiefs, will be overruled for the higher purity, strength, and prosperity of this nation; indeed, generally in his works of Providence and redemption, his pathway is "dark though brightness all along."

The first event of our war to be brought under special notice is that in which open hostilities commenced—the capture of Fort Sumter. Up to that time, as the result of previous political sympathies, a large portion of the Northern people were sensitive to the plea against "*coercion*" of the South. The secessionists had indeed made great reliance on this sympathy at the North, as their encouragement to begin the rebellion. Our Government had need to move with all caution, lest too bold a step should increase and confirm this Northern sympathy. Hence they were kept from those strong and decisive measures which otherwise might have nipped the evil in the bud. They allowed forts, and arsenals, and mints to be seized and held without attempts by force to recover them, lest the application of force should create fatal divisions at the North. They forbore even to enlist a soldier, or procure arms to supply the place of what had been carried South, for fear that a seeming of forcible resistance would create a revolution here in favor of the rebels. In short, the fear of a divided North, and the needful care against it, held the Government in inaction, while at the South troops were drilling and mustering for the field. Then the whole question on which the life or death of the nation turned was, whether the people of the loyal States would unite to suppress the rebellion. To command that Union, was beyond the power of Cabinets, or Senates, or Presidents. At that critical moment, had it not been for the Lord who was on our side they would have swallowed us up quick. At this moment when a nation's destiny trembled in the balance, the God of our fathers interposed. He withdrew his restraints upon the rebellious councils, and suffered their rebellion to body itself forth in the unprovoked assault upon the starving garrison that upheld the national banner. This outrage stood forth to the nation's eye in such monstrous shape and colors as at once to extinguish sympathy for the rebels and secure for the most part a united North. On this small pivot turned the nation's destiny.

It was the Lord's doings and marvellous in our eyes. Neither the President nor his counsellors could have contrived and secured such an issue. Nor would the most shrewd statesmanship have thought of securing a nation's life by an event so prostrating and humiliating to all national feeling. Who would have dreamed that the cannon that sounded the death-knell of our Union was to be also the resurrection trumpet to summon it to a new life. For in that triumph over us of the powers of darkness, we seemed to ourselves to be approaching the shades of death. Our Union was broken, our national consciousness and pride went down to the dust. We anticipated the taunts and jeers of rival nations, and the rejoicings that would go round the world with the report, that this mighty nation had fallen by its own suicidal hand. Nay, all of us felt personally, as well as nationally, humiliated and broken.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us."

But then we were most peculiarly in God's hand, so we did not stumble that we should fall; but that through our fall we might be thrown upon ground where we should be strong to rise again. God opened before us our grave, that in that grave we might bury our party strifes and divisions, and come forth with one heart and soul to vindicate our national authority and life. Thus did God in that dark and trying hour, work out for us one of our most difficult problems, and give to the work of national regeneration a united people, and in that united people the recovered strength of our national Government. Before this the hand of the national administration was bound. And that was one of the most alarming and humiliating views of our case, that both our out-going and in-coming President seemed equally powerless to help us. A palsy had smitten all the functions of Government. Our new President went to Washington to commence his work in peril of his life—under a disguise to escape the blade of the assassin, and barely escaped it. All the South was united in cursing him as a monster, and at the North he had not a majority in full sympathy with him. When he entered upon his office how did the ground crumble under his feet at every step. In

every department he was surrounded by traitors and spies. The prestige and the moral power of his office, hitherto so great, had vanished. The whole South resounded with threats of traitors in arms. The traitor chief officially vaunted of "Southern powder and Southern steel." And more fearful were the mutterings of Southern sympathy which came upon every breeze from the North. Even the Mayor of the commercial metropolis cheered on the rebellion by intimations that his own city would cut loose from the State, if need be, and take part in it. The national Legislature had progressed far in disintegration. Seat after seat in the Senate and House was vacated by Legislators gone out to take up arms against the Government. And State after State ceased to be represented in the national councils. Even the judiciary was tainted—that high court of the nation, where national law sat enthroned to frown upon treason, had begun to succumb to the sirocco that blew from the South. The army and navy, the sworn protectors of lawful authority had become the serpents to sting the Government that had warmed them into life.

Thus did the whole national fabric seem to be crumbling; and every day revealed new disasters till that dark day when Charleston cannon sent their report abroad, announcing the war begun. From that moment commenced a mighty reaction carrying back life and power to every department from which they had fled. And as the result of that reaction in less than a year what a contrast do we now see. The chief executive of no nation on earth sits more safely in his seat. All the departments whose power was so palsied by swarms of traitors within them, are now purged and reinvigorated, working with an energy before unknown. Our Congress, though far from being what it should be, and would be if it were to be chosen now, has vastly improved by the absence of the traitors, and is for the most part loyal, and has made a good beginning towards purging the Augean stable of corruption, in tracing out the network of political frauds, yea, that corruption in which the gigantic treason had its beginnings.

Here are some of the results of the reaction of national life and unity which God's providence secured for us, by allowing the

rebels to commit that huge blunder in opening the drama of the rebellion. Thus at that early day did God give us the pledge and proof that though he saw cause to put us under a severe chastisement, his hand of mercy and kindness was under us with a design to bring us forth in peace.

From The Boston Recorder, 1 May.  
THE BULL RUN DISASTER AND THE TRENT AFFAIR.

IN tracing God's hand to form the mind of this people for the desperate struggle before them in putting down this gigantic rebellion, we have seen how the tragedy in Baltimore served the grand purpose of an all-sufficient motive for the enlistment of men. But there was another requisite. The feeling was still prevalent that the war never could be that serious matter which it has since become. We felt that because we of the North had the vast preponderance of numbers and of wealth, the sinews of war, we could meet the enemy at every point with such odds against him that he would retire from the field. We little knew to what extent he had been before us, and how he had employed years of previous preparation, and now had troops mustered and drilled so as to be able to outnumber us at every point. Unaware of the real state of facts, our men went forth in the delusive expectation of finishing the war in a few weeks by merely playing soldier and showing the greatest number on every field where battle should be offered. Of course the nation's mind had not set itself to the work at all as the occasion demanded. Some powerful impression was needed to arouse it and adjust its energies to the real occasions of the war.

To meet that occasion the sad disaster at Bull Run was appointed to us. Never did a nation suffer a greater disappointment and reversal of all its high-raised expectations. When our armies went forth to that battle, we felt sure of a victory that would end the war. But the sad disasters of that day opened a new revelation, and put wholly a new face upon the war. Then for the first time we began to realize what was before us, and that we had on hand a war in serious earnest. Here was an end to all our short enlistments for playing soldier, and all expectations of vigor and valor in the field without a previous and laborious drilling of our men. That

event indeed was as full of instruction as it was of humiliation, and the humiliation was as much needed as the instruction. And God's wisdom and goodness now can be clearly seen in appointing us that overwhelming defeat. For the salutary issues of it are manifest and abundant. The instruction cost us dear. Rich was the blood that flowed upon those rugged fields. But the advantages purchased by it were untold. That event revolutionized the whole spirit of the nation's mind—the whole character and process of the war. From that point was seen the necessity of beginning anew and upon new principles, and of meeting the enemy with different expectations.

God's merciful hand was the more manifest in that disaster in that while it produced the needed impression on the nation's heart, it brought with it no discouragement, no flinching from the high resolve to put the rebellion down at any cost. A shout of triumph went up from all the rebel coasts and echoes came back from every unfriendly nation, and the world looked on with the expectation that we should here give up the contest. But in no loyal heart in all this nation was there a faltering for a moment. The event served both to show us how great and difficult was the work that needed to be done, and to give us the purpose to spend a proportionate strength upon it.

That loss was also a gain in another respect. It brought us as much advantage by means of the impression it produced on the rebels. This has been confessed by one of the rebel generals now in Fort Warren, who in the battle at Fort Donelson had experience of some of the fruits of the Bull Run battle. He tells us that that victory inspired the Southern troops with a false confidence in their own valor, and contributed more than anything else, to the numerous defeats which they have recently experienced.

Every way then, as we now look back upon that bitter experience, we see that God meant it for good to us. It has served our cause better than would a decisive victory. While the rebels themselves confess that the advantages of the battle enured to us, and it was to them a disastrous defeat, we should be most stupid and ungrateful if we failed to see God in that dark day working behind the cloud for our deliverance. As the merciful guardian of this nation—the God of our fa-

thers ever mindful of our national life and true prosperity, even when he causes us to smart for our sins, he was then doing a work of kindness of which we little dreamed. We had been praying that he would take our cause in hand and in his own way work our deliverance. And just that thing he did. But his own way was in the sea and his path in the great waters and his footsteps were not known. Little did we dream that he would give us all the fruits of victory, when he caused us to bite the dust in defeat.

Another crisis in which God's interference was manifest to bring advantage from our perils and trials was that which came from the arrest of the rebel commissioners in a British vessel. Previous to that event, we were slowly but most surely drifting towards a war with England. The preponderant sympathies of the English mind were with the South, in spite of all its abolition professions. It was irritated in view of the suffering which our war had caused in England—not so much by cutting off supplies of cotton, as by a general interruption of commerce and closing American markets against England. The English press had opened a war upon us in a most wicked and malicious spirit; and the replies elicited from the American press were far from being as oil upon the troubled waters. In short, a mutual chafing and irritation between the two nations were evidently preparing the way for war. If things had been suffered to move steadily onward in that channel, the minds of the two nations, by a gradual and unnoticed progress, would ere long have come to such a state as to have necessitated a war. We were upon a current that was carrying us imperceptibly and surely into such a state, that both nations would have madly rushed into a war with a good will. We were saved from it by the suddenness of the lurch which our ship made towards it. The pear was plucked before it was ripe. That affair of the *Trent* acting on the English mind so predisposed to take offence, caused an immense explosion of wrath and indignation. And that wrath rushed prematurely into a resolve upon war. No doubt in the hasty passion of the hour, war was really meant. Hence the demand for redress was so accompanied with threats as to make our compliance with honor, exceedingly difficult. The whole question of war or peace was made to turn on our instant and cate-

gorical decision, whether to yield to a demand which was coupled with threats of war.

But after the demand had gone over the sea and it had been put to us to decide whether there should be peace or war, the sober second thought of England came to the rescue. The public mind began to awake to all the evils that England would suffer from the war. In that towering passion that awoke her first hasty resolve upon war, she thought of the crushing force of her imperial navy sent against our commerce, our commercial cities; and she thought how broken and distracted we were by our rebellion, and what an easy prey we might be to her superior strength, and how it was the nick of time to cut us in two and extinguish forever all the fears that had haunted her of our disputing her supremacy among the nations. But when the pregnant message conceived in these views, and so likely to awake a warlike response, had gone over the sea, the hour of reflection came. The common mind, while awaiting the response from us, naturally thought that there were blows to be taken as well as given—that the commerce of England as well as ours was to be swept from the seas, and that even her success in the war against her best customers would be fatal to her commerce, and a deadly blow to her future prosperity. Then her repentings were kindled together. But what could she do? The message conceived in a war spirit and for a war purpose—a message that judging us by herself she had every reason to expect would rouse us to war, had gone over the water to do its work. That interval of suspense to the English mind was one of intense anxiety. The nation had now come to look war in the face as a prospective reality near at hand. Passion had given place to sober reason. And though it had not abated one whit of its desire to check the growth of this nation, it had a deep realizing of what that luxury would cost. And it awaited the response to its challenge in great dread, and in little hope of escaping the calamities it had invoked.

It was in these searchings of heart which were occasioned by the *Trent* affair and by England's passionate resentment of it, that we found our escape from a doubling of the calamities of our war. So what for a time many feared would be the means of involving us in a war with England, was in fact the means of our escape from it. And our



escape for the present is an escape for good. For whatever may now be England's policy or feeling towards us, an event has recently occurred which will keep the peace between us and England for a long time to come. The experiment of iron-clad vessels in conflict with wooden sides recently had in Hampton Roads, has in effect for any hostile purposes against us, annihilated the British navy—as it has our own. So compelling both nations to start anew in creating a navy, it puts it within our power to be equal with her on the sea and its coasts, both in the means of offence and defence. And as the occasions of our present war impel us to speed the work of building iron-clad vessels, and she has no such occasions, the probabilities are that in this line of armament we shall soon be in advance of her. This puts us beyond all fear of a war with England. And for this immunity we are indebted to that arrangement of Providence which brought us into that difficulty with England touching Mason and Slidell. Had it not been for those arch traitors and their arrest, we should before this without doubt have been involved in such a war. Here then is another wonder-working of the providence of God to save us by means that threatened to destroy us.

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From The Boston Recorder, 1 May.

#### OUR DUTIES IN RELATION TO ENGLAND.

FROM facts which we have given in previous papers, it will be evident that it has ceased to be our duty, as a nation, to stand in any fear of England. This franchise has been secured for us by wonderful arrangements of Providence, causing our nation's sun to break forth from behind a dense and gloomy cloud. God be thanked, that we are now not to be hindered from any efforts to save our country by any frowns or threats of England.

Another plain duty is to make no reliance on either the justice or the friendship of England to secure from her that immunity from future harms, which Providence has given us the means of making sure for ourselves. What British national justice, Brit-

ish regard for international law, and even British neutrality and impartiality are, we are now well informed. We had been in a habit of presuming much on the *friendship* secured to us by the *interest* which England had in our commerce. But we have now learned that her interest to see our nationality destroyed preponderates over all the interest involved in commerce. This conclusion is clear and irresistible from the events of the last year.

We do not undertake to account for this. We have a pamphlet before us under the title, "THE PRESENT ATTEMPT TO DISSOLVE THE AMERICAN UNION A BRITISH ARISTOCRATIC PLOT." The design of it is to show that ever since and before the war of 1812, when the notorious John Henry came over, under a secret commission from the British ministry, to act as an agent to bring about a dissolution of the Union, that same design originating with the English aristocracy—because, if free institutions here went up, that aristocracy must go down—has been followed up with a constant succession of efforts under various disguises. The argument has very much of verisimilitude, and will make a great impression wherever it is read, though we are not prepared to say that it is in its whole reach conclusive. That among the English aristocracy this desire to see our experiment of free government fail, exists—that John Henry's mission originated in that desire, and that, following it, many other unfriendly acts toward us have proceeded from the same source, is plain. But in the light of that argument we have not been able to range them all, as the writer does, in one continuous series of acts proceeding from the same body of men consciously acting in that design. Or, in other words, the acts subsequent upon John Henry's mission which are specified, are not so easily traced to an organized and responsible agency, as was that.

But the pamphlet carries our conviction so far as this—that the same feeling and policy which sent that agent of mischief hither, has ever since animated the ruling aristocracy of England, so that they were ready, not perhaps to sustain a continuous agency, but to improve any occasion in the course of events to do what they might under decent pretexts, to destroy us. So much

we are warranted to believe by the events of the year now spent.\*

So every true American owes it to himself, to his country, and to England, to settle it in his mind, that however many friends our country may have in that country, whatever claims the religious people of England may have upon our regards and co-operation in any good work—however much the Protestant religion may stand in England's prosperity—as to national interests, this country, as long as it sustains its present free government and gives promise of advancement, is ever to have either the suppressed or the out-spoken hostility of the ruling powers of Britain. The aristocracy especially will feel it, because our success is their defeat. For if Americans are seen to advance more rapidly than Englishmen in commerce and arts, and all the elements of wealth and civilization, it would be the most natural of all things for the middle classes, the bone and muscle of English society, to get the idea that this aristocracy, with its sinecure offices, its expensive privileges, with all the manifold burdens it creates, is not a necessary of life for England. Here is an ever potent reason why the privileged classes of England pray for the explosion of our experiment of a free government.

But as this cause is not confined to them, we find a cause more broadly working in the jealousy of the rapid growth of this country, threatening the supremacy of England—that which in previous papers we have more fully described. On these grounds, we are ever to carry a settled conclusion that that power, whatever it be, that controls the nationality of England, is hostile to the continuance of our nationality.

From this conviction we gather an ob-

\* We have suggested in a former number of *The Living Age*, the probability that the conspiracy which has for so many years, and at the expense of so much talent and money been in preparation—was not carried into act without the complicity of some of the British Statesmen. It is certain that the rebels expected co-operation, and the encouragement they received from the hasty and unnecessary acknowledgment of them as belligerents,—astonished America. Let us acknowledge as another thing to be grateful to Providence for—that this acknowledgement made our blockade more unassailable.

While we shall not yearn for the sympathy of the Mother Country hereafter, we may comfort ourselves in the belief that she now knows that *this child* is beyond her correction. As she will hereafter respect us more than she has done, she may come to a really cordial friendship.

vious duty, which we owe to our own country—that is, to sustain a policy which shall make this country independent of England's friendship or enmity. In relation to us, England has gone upon the principle that "there is no friendship in trade," or rather, that all the interest she had in our commerce was no bar to her giving her heart and hand to our enemies. Our experience has taught us that we put a vain reliance on the friendship that our large commerce with her was to secure. This teaching should now be improved to the conclusion to have no regard to her commerce in our future legislation. We should first settle what will most conduce to the fostering of our own resources, so as to make us independent of her in war and peace. Let us never again see the time when purchases made in her marts of commerce of supplies for our national occasions, are annulled by an edict from the throne, and the materials forbidden to leave the ports. If we had not trusted in the friendship of trade, but had been true in fostering the industry of our own people, we should have saved ourselves from that indignity put upon us in the interests of our enemies. The following remarks of the *Journal* are here in point:—

"We need nothing whatever from Great Britain—neither raw materials nor manufactures; neither food nor clothing; neither merchandise nor money, if we will but depend upon and cultivate our own resources, and the sooner we adopt this system the sooner shall we become indifferent to her opinions and her power. We have no need to make her the special mark of our policy, but simply to adopt the policy of encouragement to our own manufactures of all kinds and let the effect fall where it may. The same rates of duties on fabrics of cotton, wool, iron, steel, etc., which we place upon sugar, coffee, and tea, will answer all the purpose and lead to 'complete independence.' The revenue result will be, a diminution on manufactures, but a corresponding increase on other articles, growing out of the greater ability to consume them, which necessarily follows an increased demand for labor; so that even in that view of the case we should lose nothing of the national income on imports."

We would counsel nothing to be done in a spirit of revenge for the injuries received. But it is lawful to learn wisdom from experience, and when we have seen our depen-

dence fail us, to seek to become independent. If England withholds her saltpetre because she thinks it will help us against our enemies, it is fitting that we should be careful not to seek that commodity again in her ports, since on the face of our broad land, we have abundant materials for producing the article. And so of the rest.

That arrangement of Divine Providence which puts it in our power to be a match for England on land and sea, as we have contemplated, calls upon us to use our advantages so as to make sure of our independence of her; and therein make sure of perpetuating our peace with her. Late experience has taught us that our "extremity is England's opportunity,"—that a temptation to assail the weaker is a special weakness with her. And lest we should throw a stumbling block in her way, and tempt her to fall upon us again, we owe it as a special duty to her, to be always prepared against any emergency with her. And the best preparation is, as far as possible to encourage the production of all that we need within our own borders.

Such are some of our duties that should give shape to our national policy towards England. But in showing how our nation ought to stand towards the English nation, we require a different line of remark from that which shows how as individual Christians we ought to feel and act towards English Christians. For the English nation and English Christians are far from being the same. And the same men acting in national affairs, will often do what they would shrink from as being mean in individual conduct. Gross selfishness is condemned in the individual, while selfishness is a universal law of conduct with nations. We only ask of a nation that its selfishness shall be so enlightened as to pursue its ends by that which shall be best for it in the long run, and that which shall do no injustice to an-

other. But when we leave the nation, and come to appreciate the individual, we find in English society some of the noblest specimens of Christian character; and only regret that both there and here, the men of that class are not the ruling class. Nor should the sinister course of the British Government induce us to undervalue the noble Christian and philanthropic enterprises in regard to which that people deserve to stand so high in the estimation of the Christian world.

While we regret to see such national repellances between us and the mother country—and the more because it is the mother country—we should be so much the more careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace with the Christian element in the British empire. And while we have so much to accuse that nation of, as a nation, the Christian portion of that nation has laid us under special obligations to gratitude, in that they have come in at our time of need, and put their shoulders under our Christian works—and have placed at our disposal funds to carry on our missions and Bible distribution. What a contrast here, between the British Government and British Christians! The one chose our time of need to cripple us and threaten destruction, while the other chose our time of need to strengthen our weak hands and feeble knees, and to see that our Christian labors were not crippled. Thus have they taught us to distinguish between the national and the Christian element, and to find in England that which commands our love, even while her Government and governing classes, and her press, the spokesman of these classes, have roused our indignation—have taught us in spite of all to say,

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

#### THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Oh, dreadful is the land of dreams,  
When all that world a chaos seems  
Of thoughts so fixed before!  
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!  
And friends cross o'er our solitude,  
Now friends of ours no more!

Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,  
Keep stretching forth with vain endeavor,  
Their pale and palsied hands,  
To clasp us phantoms, as we go  
Along the void like drifting snow,  
To far-off nameless lands!

JOHN WILSON.

From Chambers's Journal.

#### A TERRIBLE PATIENT.

AMONG many popular fallacies that arise from the wishes rather than the experience of mankind, is the dogma that a cruel man is always a coward. A cruel man cannot, it is true, be said to possess that more exalted sort of courage with which not only are oppression and malignity incompatible, but to which a certain heroic tenderness is always allied; yet such a man may be habitually careless of life and limb in the case of himself as well as in that of others; nay, he may be even so brutal as to be totally unconscious of danger—by no means so uncommon a phenomenon as it may appear. The Irish gentleman who sat upon the very branch of the tree which he was engaged in sawing off, was not, indeed necessarily a hero, but most unquestionably he was not a coward. Even the wicked and contemptible thing that is called a bully is not so positively certain to be a poltroon as we would all wish him to be. The popular mistake arises, perhaps, from a healthy but undue exaltation of courage. Courage, it is true, is a virtue without which a Nation is but an assemblage of slaves who wait for their master; but Cruelty is blasphemy in action—the hand of man raised, as it were, to strike the Father of Mercies. A coward is an object pitiful in all eyes; but a cruel man is more and more contemptible in proportion to the height of the nature from which he is regarded; most contemptible, most abhorrent, therefore, in the sight of the Highest. It is creditable to human nature, therefore, that we should grudge the title of Brave to the Cruel; but it must be confessed by the student of mankind that it is sometimes withheld unjustly.

It seems to have been agreed upon by all historians to represent war artificially. The actual horrors of it are indeed unimaginable, and must therefore remain unwritten except by eye-witnesses, who have something else to do than to record them; but besides this, about all that is told, there plays a certain light (irresistible, as it seems to the historic colorist), which never was on sea or shore while war was really raging. In all descriptions of battle-scenes which have come under my notice, blue and red fire (so to speak) are always burning at the wings. Experience and imagination give the most opposite narratives of the matter. This misrep-

resentation arises from the same undue exaltation of valor which we have already mentioned, and which in this case is even more excusable, since that is the virtue without which no campaign could ever be brought to a successful issue. We are unwilling to associate the glorious game of war with brutal excesses, and still less with vulgarity; but War is a very brutal and vulgar business for all that. Commodore Trunnion must be sometimes excessively surprised to read in the pages of History the elegant sentences he had made use of to his assembled crew before laying his vessel alongside the enemy, and like Mr. Squeers in his new clothes, must feel astonished at finding himself so very respectable. The majority of our readers are probably under the impression that commanders-in-chief, admirals, generals of division, colonels of regiments, and the like, lead their men to battle vociferating little declamations of a patriotic and elevating character—allusions to Westminster Abbey (which, let it be considered, could affect not even their subalterns, and far less the bulk of those they are thus addressing), and reminders that the eyes of the civilized world are fixed upon them. Now, as a matter of fact, the language of most of these chiefs, upon exciting occasions such as joining battle, if set down word by word, would sound rather coarse in the mouth of so polished a female as Miss Clio. Even the *Times* would shrink from repeating them literally. I am certain the Editor of *Chambers's Journal* would decline to insert them as "not adapted for our columns." I have had myself some little personal experience of these matters, and unless my ears deceived me in more than one instance, the words of encouragement were not unmingled with a little hard swearing. I trust I am not guilty of a breach of confidence in saying this much. "On, Stanley, on," were the last words of Marmion, as represented by the great bard of romance; but what says the poet of more than ordinary life? "What are they feared on?—fools, od rot 'em," were the last words of Higginbottom. I am no historian, and do not feel bound by that tacit agreement to be artificial which seems to exist among all narrators of campaigns. I am not a peacemonger, but I do not see why the truth should not be told about War as about other matters. The



"special correspondents" have stripped him of late years of many of his spangles, but he is a magnificent impostor still, and even Mr. Russell himself lets him discourse at times in the Cambyzes' vein. If you really want to see the mighty Mars in his work-a-day clothes, and without his "company manners," you should serve, as I did, as assistant-surgeon in a fighting regiment.

When the Old Guard were surrounded after Waterloo, and threatened with cannon-shot if they did not surrender, they replied—What?

"The Guard die, but never surrender."

Enthusiastic but insufficiently informed reader, they replied nothing of the sort; that is what History has replied for them. It is not necessary, nor would it be becoming, to set down here what they actually did say, but they certainly did not say *that*. Similarly, if the gallant 150th, to which I had the honor to belong, were asked to lay down its arms to any enemy, its reply—whether cannon or no cannon—would be without doubt in the negative, but it would not be "the 150th never surrender," but some statement more curt and natural, though equally decisive.

With the regiment in question I served during the whole of the late Indian rebellion, nor was any of its officers, I think, better acquainted with the men than I. I may not, indeed, have known so many as the colonel, but those with whom my profession did bring me into contact (and in an Indian campaign almost every man in a regiment passes sooner or later through the doctor's hands), I got to know most thoroughly. The great majority of my patients were simple faithful fellows, brave as lions, and with no touch of the tiger about them, except when engaged in actual conflict. They suffered without complaint, they died without repining and without fear. The Hereafter of Death did not trouble them; their last words, for the most part, were some message (rarely, alas, to reach its destination!) to mother, or sister, or cousin, far away in their native land. In the rare case of their being married, they spoke of the wife, soon to be widow; but generally, it is a fact that a male cousin was the person most in their mind at that last moment; some Dick, or Tom, or Bob, who had snared rabbits, or shot sparrows with them turn-and-turn about with a

horse-pistol—their loved home-companion in the seeming far-back days of boyhood; reminiscences as touching to their hearts, and to mine, as any others, although totally unfit, maybe, for the delicate uses of novelist and poet. Some of these men had a very strong though somewhat mechanical sense of duty. I saw one of them, with my own eyes, perform the self-same action which has made Sir Philip Sidney's name immortal, only instead of a cup of water, a cup of rum was concerned in the matter—which increases the sacrifice. Dick Smith, full private in the 150th, had both legs carried away by a rebel cannon-ball, and lay a-dying. The ordinary allowance of spirits which every man carried with him into action had been very properly administered at once, but there was great need for more. An untouched flask of rum was lying by him, which nothing would induce him to take.

"The major may likely want it," said he; "it is the major's."

This officer (who did not take spirits except medicinally) had given the rum to Dick, with the proviso only, that if he (the major) were wounded, he should receive the precious liquid again. No representation could move the poor fellow to take this, until the major himself came to the Rear and bade him do so, when Dick Smith drank it off with a smile, happy to see his favorite officer was untouched (except, to his honor be it spoken, by this beautiful act of devotion)—and then died. If Dick had been a general, and the major but a private soldier, what a charming scene the historians would have made of it, and what elegant sentences would have been placed in both their mouths; whereas, in honest reality, there were some rather strongish expressions used by all parties in reference to the cause of the mischief—namely, "the Pandies."

The rebel sepoys were an infamous and accursed race. They ate our salt with murder in their hearts; they hated us with the hate of those who have returned evil for good. Those smooth liars who slew our women and our children deserved the bayonet most richly. In the battle, and *after the battle*, I, for my part, would have always cried, "Spare not"—only it was never necessary. In War, there is no such thing as mercy in the hearts of most of the common soldiers, no matter of what nation they be.

I have seen officers standing with revolvers to defend Hindu women and children from the bayonets of our own men. It is a foolish and wicked error to represent war as being carried on in a humane and civilized fashion, although certain courtesies are sometimes connected with it, which affect (almost solely) the chiefs on both sides. I am no mealy-mouthed member of the Peace Society—not I: but War is of the Devil; and almost every man while actually engaged in battle becomes *pro tem*. a fiend. I began this paper with the end of it in my mind, when I ventured to say that cruel men are sometimes brave men. One quarter, at least, of the patients that I have had under my care in the field were either naturally cruel, or had been rendered so—had been brutalized, that is, by the scenes through which they had passed: but not one of these was a coward.

The bravest man, physically speaking, who ever came under my care was John Rawlins. His audacity was conspicuous in almost every engagement, and it is not easy for a common soldier to make himself conspicuous in battle—unless, indeed, by running away. He would have been signally promoted more than once if his character could have permitted it, but his habits were very insubordinate, and he got drunk whenever he had the chance of doing so. He would have gone into a burning house, with a powder-magazine beneath it, for the certainty of obtaining a bottle of whiskey. He had absolutely no fear, neither of God nor man. After passing scathless through the whole of the Rebellion, Rawlins was fatally wounded in a chance skirmish with some wandering Pandies after the relief of Lucknow. His hurt was of such a nature that there was no more hope of his life than if his head had been shot away, but he lived just eight-and-forty hours afterwards. He was perfectly aware of his approaching end, and regretted it mainly because it would prevent him from killing more Pandies. From this man—truthful, because shameless—I learned more of the realities of war than I, as an officer, could by any possibility have seen with my own eyes. It is when Authority is out of sight that the most terrible incidents of warfare take place—those acts which earn for a dominant race the hatred of unborn generations.

Without bravado, but also without the slightest trace of compunction or repentance, Rawlins related to me his personal experiences of the late campaign; these disclosures were mostly of a nature too atrocious to be repeated here, but two of them may well be mentioned as likely to make some impression upon a not uninfluential class of people, who, themselves staying at home at ease, are eager to cry "War, war," at every opportunity, in total ignorance (I hope) of what war really is.

Upon one occasion, a number of Sepoys were condemned to be shot after an engagement, and a corporal and several men, among whom was Rawlins, were intrusted with this duty in the absence of a commissioned officer. There had been a dispute between Rawlins and the corporal as to how many men a bullet from a minié rifle could be made to pierce, so they tied these wretched prisoners close to one another, each behind each, and fired at the foremost man. The bullet was found to pass through five men and wound a sixth, whereupon the sixth man took the foremost place in the next file, and the butchery proceeded.

Later in the campaign, it was decided (wisely, as I think) that for certain reasons connected with their superstition, condemned sepoys should be blown from guns. A certain number having been again committed to the tender mercies of another non-commissioned officer of ours, and some men, among whom again was my terrible patient, the execution proceeded thus. The victims were placed with their *faces* towards the guns, so that they might not be spared the spectacle of the preparations for their own destruction, and when they shut their eyes to avoid this, the guns were *snapped*, again and again, so that each might endure the torture of half a dozen deaths before he actually met with death itself.

Of the truth of these two dreadful incidents, I have no doubt whatever; and not less firmly do I believe that in all wars similar abominable acts are not only frequent, but common. Many men who would shudder at the very mention of such deeds, are only too eager to let slip the blood-hounds who act thus, and sometimes upon slight provocation. May these few pages, torn from the blood-stained book of war itself, give such persons pause. Their ignorant

voices may otherwise some day assist to produce that worst, because most gigantic, of all crimes, an unnecessary war. Soldiering—nay,—even victory itself—is not all feathers and fanfaronade, my safely bellicose friends; though, as I have before observed, I am myself by no means a member of the Quaker body, nor at all likely to become so.

The end of Rawlins was excessively characteristic. In his last moments, he expressed himself obliged to me for such care as I had been able to bestow upon him, and pre-

sented me with a very handsome jewel-casket (with nothing in it, however), which had formed a part of his "loot" at Lucknow.

"I got it out of the Kaiserbagh, sir," said he, "and a great deal of botheration it gave me. *I had to kill three Sikhs first*, who were exceedingly obstinate in giving it up."

Now, if Mr. John Rawlins treated his allies in that manner, we need not wonder that he was not given to spare his enemies. And yet he was, without doubt, as brave—in a certain limited sense—as Nelson.

**MUSCULAR FORCE.**—Physiologists are continually called upon to contemplate the most perfect adaptation of means to ends—a contemplation which, in its very nature, is a pleasure to every well-constituted mind. Works of art viewed with this idea lie open to criticism, for there is nothing like absolute perfection in art. In nature everywhere—how conspicuously is this set forth in every motion of our bodies. Locomotives and the other great engines of our age, calculating-machines, and other curiosities, excite our wonderment and surprise, and these muscular actions only do not because so familiar. Were they otherwise, we should hesitate to believe the power with which they act. The weight which a strong man will raise is enormous. With muscles weighing only a pound or two, and acting at a disadvantage, he will raise a weight of 300 lbs., and some even have lifted 800 lbs. Surgeons know that by muscles bones have been torn. But such efforts are only transient. There are others going on without our consciousness equally wonderful. In the ordinary act of respiration there is a resistance to be overcome equal to 100 lbs., and if we add 100 lbs. more for the action of the lungs at every respiration, the muscles have to move 200 lbs., and this from fifteen to twenty times a minute.

From calculations founded upon the height to which a column of mercury can be raised, it appears that the muscles of a strong man, at the close of a very deep inspiration, must be capable of exerting a force equal to at least 1,000 lbs. Of sustained voluntary action a bird on the wing is a striking example. Consider the muscular force employed upon the outstretched wings, and yet for hour after hour, without cessation, Gould tells us he has pursued, for the chance of a shot, the Australian swallow, which is never seen to rest. Our own swift seems to sustain its flight all day long. For hours it never perches; for hours it is in the air, and proof against fatigue. The velocity with which the muscles will continue to act is astonishing. The fibres of the heart, when rapidly acting, in 1-7th of a second. Some 1,500 letters can be spoken by the voice in a minute, which gives for each contraction of the muscles of the tongue, etc., the

1-50th of a second. But such velocities hardly prepare us for what takes place in some insects. The hum of the gnat varies with the rapidity of the vibrations of its wings, and we can tell their rate from the pitch of the note. When in an excited state the muscles of its wings must make their movements many hundred times in a second.

There is evidence conclusive of rapid motion in every word we utter; in every touch of the pen. "I pause," the lecturer added, "on the threshold of these wonders. How these actions are combined, how they work towards a common end and the co-ordination of their effects, are not yet widely known, but I would try to teach them everywhere;—to cultivate the mind through the influence of the noblest truths."—*London Review*.

**WEIGHT OF CANNON BALLS.**—The *Scientific American* says:—

"Assuming the specific gravity of cast iron to be 7 1-5 (7.207) times that of distilled water, and that the balls are perfect spheres, their weight will be as follows in pounds and tenths:—

Inches.	Weight.
3	3.7 pounds.
4	8.7 "
5	17.0 "
6	29.4 "
7	46.7 "
8	69.8 "
9	90.4 "
10	136.3 "
11	181.4 "
12	235.2 "
15	460.0 "
20	1090.3 "

A short method to discover the weight of a cannon ball is to cube half its diameter. Thus for an eight-inch shot the formula would be: half the diameter = 4, and  $4 \times 4 \times 4 = 64$ , which is in practice the actual weight of an eight-inch shot. This is easier to remember than the table we give above.

## MITCHELL.

MITCHELL! strong brain, quick eye, and steady hand!

Faithful in service—faultless in command;  
Thou favorite son of science! fit to stand  
Foremost among the saviours of the land;

In that the scholar's craft, the captain's skill,  
In thee conjoined, work fitting triumphs still;  
And nobler yet the patriotic thrill  
Which guides the master triumphs of thy will!

Oh! with a handful of such hearted men  
To beard the wolf of Treason in his den—  
Men quick to plan and strong to act—and then  
Europe shall ring our triumphs back again!

Onward, my hero! Men shall catch the flame  
Which lights thy soul—and glow again for  
shame.

With thee—and such as thee—we shall reclaim  
The morning glory of our empire's fame!

*Harper's Weekly.*

## GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph kindly furnished by Anson, 589 Broadway, a portrait of General O. M. Mitchell whose brilliant exploits in Northern Alabama and Mississippi are the theme of so much eulogy.

Ormsby McKnight Mitchell is a native of Kentucky, but was appointed to West Point from Ohio in 1825. He is about fifty-seven years of age. In 1829 he graduated in the same class as the rebel Generals Joe Johnson and Lee. He served three years as Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and was a short while in the army. But in 1832, becoming weary of inaction, he resigned his commission, studied law, and opened an office at Cincinnati, Ohio. From 1834 to 1844 he filled the chair of Professor of Mathematics in the Cincinnati College, and in 1845, founded the Cincinnati Observatory. His love for astronomy induced him to devote most of his time to the study of this science. He published several works on the subject which attained considerable popularity; and in 1858, when the troubles in the Dudley Observatory left it without a manager, he was called to the vacant post. Astronomy, however, did not engross his time. Like McClellan, Burnside, Curtis, and others, he was a railroad man, and for many years filled the office of Engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi line. He was also at one time Adjutant-General of Ohio. In every position he was remarkable for energy, boldness, and thoroughness.

When the war broke out he was among the first to inculcate the necessity of defending the unity of the country at all hazards. He was one of the speakers at the great meeting on Union Square, and his speech

was probably the most thrilling that was delivered that day. He said:—

"I owe allegiance to no particular State, and never did, and, God helping me, I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. A poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve turned out to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars per month. I worked my way onward until this glorious Government of the United States gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point. There I landed with my knapsack on my back, and, I tell you God's truth, just a quarter of a dollar in my pocket. There I swore allegiance to the Government of the United States. I did not abjure the love of my own State, nor of my adopted State, but high above that was proudly triumphant and predominant my love for our common country." His speech was continued with a fervor that held his hearers enthralled, and amidst his remarks the following words also fell from his lips: "When the rebels come to their senses we will receive them with open arms; but until that time, while they are trailing our glorious banner in the dust, when they scorn it, condemn it, curse it, and trample it under foot, I must smite, and in God's name I will smite, and as long as I have strength I will do it. . . . I am ready, God help me, to do my duty. I am ready to fight in the ranks or out of the ranks. Having been educated in the Academy, having been in the army several years, having served as a commander of a volunteer company for ten years, and having served as an Adjutant-General, I feel I am ready for something. I only ask to be permitted to act; and in God's name, give me something to do!"

He was appointed Brigadier-General from New York, and sent to Kentucky. There he obtained command of a division of Brell's army, which was the first of our troops in Bowling Green. From Nashville he was sent due south through Murfreesboro and Columbia. Near the latter place he left the bulk of his division under one of the brigadiers, and with a brigade of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries, he made an extraordinary forced march on Huntsville, which place he occupied before the rebels suspected his proximity. He seized the telegraph office, and, it is believed, obtained some useful information in the shape of dispatches from and to Beauregard. Since then he has been dashing hither and thither on the Memphis and Charleston Road, until now (April 25) he holds two hundred miles of the line, from Stevenson, Alabama, to Tuscumbia. He is one of our most dashing and splendid generals.—*Harper's Weekly.*



From The Spectator.  
CIVILIZATION ARMED.

THE scientific result of the new discoveries in warfare is still extremely uncertain. No man probably yet knows whether the means of attack will ultimately beat the means of defence, or whether new plates may not be discovered capable of resisting the new guns, whether steam rams may not supersede every form of artillery, or a new submarine shell reduce iron and wood once more to their ancient equality, by involving both in the same certainty of destruction. But the political results of all this progress seem to all observers beyond the reach of debate. Everything that is strong has been strengthened to a tenfold degree, and the fact includes at least three important changes in the course of human affairs :

1. The military power of barbarism has finally ceased to exist. Barbarians cannot make Armstrong guns or build iron-plated cupolaed ships, or construct fortifications which can resist for a day the assaults of science and money. Human life, the only resource of which barbarians can afford to be prodigal, would be wasted in vain against batteries which can destroy men in masses. All the hordes of the desert could not ride down two British regiments, flanked by Armstrong field batteries, or protected by such a fire as the *Warrior* could maintain. Europeans may play with the empires of Asia, for they can advance on them in irresistible strength, without dragging along also irresistible numbers. Ten thousand English or French men, separately trained, armed with the Enfield or Whitworth rifle, supported by Armstrong batteries, and with the sea kept open by iron fleets, might traverse Asia from end to end without resistance except from the climate, or delay except from the commissariat. The vast horde whom Mr. Prinsep believes a Mongolian chief is collecting for the invasion of India could not stand against a picked regiment, or retreat in safety from shells which do execution three miles from the battery which discharges them. As a consequence, wealth of men has ceased to be a proportionate source of power. Russia could not defeat Sweden unless equally well armed, and equal armaments will depend upon revenue, and not population. If Sweden were richer or more lavish than Russia she might defend

the Baltic forever, though her sixty millions of enemies were fretting for the attack. Armies of a million become comparatively useless, for no wealth can supply armies of a million with adequate artillery, and without it an inferior force is equally strong, and a great deal less difficult to move. Civilization has still many dangers to encounter, but a new Tamerlane is erased from the list. Peter the Great advised that when the hour struck, and Russia was master of Germany, a million of Tartars should be transported in boats and let loose on Western Europe. Two iron-clad gunboats and ten thousand riflemen would now account for them all.

2. Popular movements must change their character, and the peoples adopt new means of resistance, for governments are growing inconceivably strong. None but an organized government can employ or even construct the indispensable engines of war. Garibaldi might purchase a steamer and man her with followers whose courage made her as formidable as a regular ship of war. But what will courage avail against an iron-clad cupola ship? It will not stop a steam-ram, or keep heroes from drowning when she has struck them, and boarding is henceforth impossible. Even despair could not face the shower of steam two escape pipes would enable the *Monitor* to pour suddenly over her decks. On land the disparity is equally great. A people may obtain rifles, or forge bayonets, or in some cases buy cannon. But only a government can provide shells which cost £5 apiece, and cannon which demand separate mills and elaborate processes to enable them to bear the charge. Yet without these battle will soon be a waste of life. The Magyars are as brave as a fighting population can be, but what can fifty thousand Magyars do against even half their number of Austrians equipped with artillery which destroys them before they can reach the guns? The peoples, like the barbarians, have only numbers, and the power of numbers is at an end. Its only utility now is to enable the government to strike many points at once, to move many small but separate armies at one and the same hour. If the soldiers obey, slavery, as far as armed resistance is concerned, may become perpetual, and Europe fall once more under a military caste. It was gunpowder which introduced freedom, but the govern-

ments can now clothe themselves with an armor to which that of the knights was weak, an armor which rays out death, and keeps its owners as safe within its range as the magicians of ancient legend within their enchanted halls. We might almost despair of freedom, but that, fortunately for mankind, the invention brings its own cure. The new artillery doubles the military effect of passive resistance. Every invention increases the necessity for a vast revenue, and a vast revenue cannot be raised without the consent of the payers. They have only to refuse the taxes, and government falls to pieces. The dues can be levied, of course, under excessive penalties, but governments need more than this. The dues must be levied cheaply, and military collection costs more than it ever yields. Except as a punitive measure, collection by soldiers is only schoolboy finance. The dues, too, cannot rise to their required level without order, and excessive oppression destroys order in its commercial sense as completely as conquest. Ferdinand of Bourbon, till Garibaldi took his first-class ticket, was really master of Naples. He could have doomed any individual Neapolitan to the torture without a chance of resistance. But, had he required the resources which would construct an iron-clad fleet, he would have been as powerless as any American president. The country, with all its energies repressed, could not have found the money; and had he staked all on one throw, and confiscated all movable capital, its collection would have cost all the proceeds of that impossible edict. An Armstrong shell will not reveal buried coin. The peoples retain the power of the purse, and the power of the purse is doubled as well as that of the armies. Kings cannot make war to-day on the principles of Frederick the Great or of the French Convention, for "with bread and iron" you can *not* any longer get to China. You will be stopped by the first republic which can use shells costing five pounds apiece. Freedom, therefore, has lost nothing, but its tactics must soon be changed. It is useless to introduce arms into Poland, or store up powder in Central Russia. The popular leaders must look to the revenue, organize fiscal resistance, inculcate abstinence from taxable articles, suspend trade when force is employed, and rely for their

ultimate check on taxes voted from year to year. When they are appealed to for money, the power of controlling all these new and tremendous weapons passes to their own hands, and they will stand once again the equals of regular governments. Their first necessity now is to make the revenue theirs, to vote nothing except year by year, to buy their freedom with money, as Englishmen have purchased it, and leave to the would-be despot only weapons he cannot keep up, soldiery who, without those weapons, are powerless, and frontiers which, without money, he cannot hope to defend. Already finance is the difficulty of despotisms. Henceforward it may be its impossibility. What can a Czar do when over a continent the people refuse to drink the liquor which alone supplies him the means of keeping his soldiers together?

3. Lastly, the existence of all small powers has become more difficult and precarious. Up to the last few years the minor power had always one tremendous resource. If the people desired independence the sovereign could rely on a levy *en masse*, and no invading army can equal a population in number. Bavaria or Belgium, Portugal or Piedmont, could, under the *levée en masse*, meet their invaders in equal strength, with equal arms, and with a courage exalted at once by patriotism and despair. Prussia did meet Napoleon just in that way. But the use of the *levée en masse* is rapidly passing away with the use of numbers, Charging *en masse* on Rodman guns will be barbarously useless work. If Belgium cannot keep up the artillery necessary to meet the artillery of the French Empire she might almost as well disarm. That particular state rich, patriotic, and ready to bear taxation, in full accord with its government, and supported by strong allies, probably could maintain the necessary appliances, but a poor state could not. Canada, for example, separated from England, would not have a chance. She could meet the United States with an army as brave and perhaps as numerous as her own, but it would be only to throw away life. America, unchecked by England, would fill the lakes with iron gunboats, and send a *Monitor* up the St. Lawrence, pour endless batteries into West Canada, and remain victorious by the mere power of money. Valor would not prevent the *Monitor* from

destroying Montreal. Numbers would not prevent shells such as those which in the St. James's River destroyed the gunboats, rendering Quebec untenable. So far from standing alone, Canada could not resist Spain, or France, or any power with a system of taxation searching enough to resist the new expenses of war. The Australian case is better, for Australia will soon have a

revenue, but all the poorer colonies are reduced by these improvements to greater dependence than ever, and the imperial chain which seemed to be loosening is being resoldered with no less a material than iron. The power of self-defence is the first necessity for independence, and the power of self-defence now rests on the power to build an iron-clad fleet, and cast 300-pounder guns.

## LINES ON THE LUNACY BILL.

**LEARNED** writers mind disease on  
Say that all mankind are mad.  
If most men were ruled by reason,  
How were soldiers to be had ?  
How would sailors be persuaded,  
Then, to join a gallant crew  
Destined to be cannonaded,  
Shelled, and smashed, and cut in two ?

Who, if he could earn a navvie's  
Pay, would go where glory calls,  
And submit himself to glory his  
Legs knocked off by cannon-balls ?  
Glory ? Worth how mere a button  
To the greatest Captain, shot !  
Nought to him that, dead as mutton,  
Is, when gone, as soon forgot.

Worldliness, in every quarter,  
And the love of self, abound  
But for madness, scarce a martyr  
To his country would be found.  
What self-sacrifice, without it,  
Should we thinking few obtain ?  
Fortunate for us, no doubt, it  
Is that others are insane. —*Punch.*

## ART AND THE ARTIST.

WHILE Art  
Sets action on the top of suffering :  
The Artist's part is both to be and do,  
Transfixing with a special, central power  
The flat experience of the common man,  
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,  
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing  
He feels the inmost : never felt the less  
Because he sings it.

**MRS. BROWNING.**

### AFTERNOON SPORTS.

**LABOR** laid down his tools and went away.  
The park was loud with games : clear laughter,  
          shrieks,  
Came from the rings of girls amid the trees ;  
The cricketers were eager at their play ;  
The stream was dotted with the swimmers'  
     heads ;  
Gay boats flashed up and down. The level sun  
Poured o'er the sward a farewell gush of light,  
And Sport transfigured stood.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

CRINOLINE ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

We've mail-clad vessels ; iron grates  
Our ladies' robes conceal ;  
Our ships' sides fenced with armor-plates ;  
Our girls' with ribs of steel.  
Steel ribs will safe from capture make  
Her Majesty's marine,  
And whom do you expect to take  
A wife in Crinoline ? —*Punch.*

Mr. J. M. LUDLOW, moved by strong Northern sympathies, has written a Sketch of the History of the United States, from Independence to Secession, to which Mr. Thomas Hughes adjoins the story of the Struggle for Kansas.

"ACCEPTED ADDRESSES," a new collection, from the magazines, of tales and sketches by Mr. G. A. Sala, is announced.

M. MICHELET has just published the fourteenth volume of his "History of France."

## THE TRUE "SISTER OF MERCY."

BEHOLD yon maiden Form so softly treading  
Each dusky alley, where pale Misery hides ;  
With silent footfall every staircase threading,  
Where Sorrow or lone Suffering, abides.

Not tricked in garments night-like and forbid-  
ding,  
As though she came the harbinger of grief ;  
The mazy passages her feet are thridding,  
To minister to Woe its hoped relief.

Nor with pale moony face, by art beclouded,  
Close veiled around, and hid from creature's  
sight,  
And all that's human from the human shrouded,  
As though 'twere sin to look, like Nature,  
bright.

Mantled in light, and with a face all sunny,  
Mercy's true Sister moves among mankind ;  
With kindly smile, more potent far than money,  
To soothe the racking sorrows of the mind.

Like Heaven's blue arch that o'er the earth is  
bending,  
She bends benignant o'er the couch of Woe ;  
And though, like angel from the sky descend-  
ing,  
She gentle be, and pure as falling snow ;

Yet not in holy pride, or busy prying,  
Peers she behind the sacred veil of sorrow,  
To cast a deeper shadow o'er the dying,  
And make to-day more darkened than to-  
morrow.

No member is she of man's " Institution,"  
Nor sent one of a banded Sisterhood,  
Who, by stern rule, ply mercy's execution,—  
But one self-winged by promptings simply  
good.

Her fount of charity so overflowing,  
Is the true love of Christ, her dying Lord—  
A love so fathomless it passeth knowing,  
And feebly speaks by kindly deed and word.

With voice as soothing as the Spring's soft  
breezes,  
She whispers solace to the heart of Grief ;  
And while her hand each heavy burden eases,  
Her very aspect yields a *felt* relief.

Not with fixed frosty frown and look disdain-  
ful,  
Nor with a proud and patronizing air,  
Which makes felt poverty felt doubly painful,—  
Does she her errand to the Poor declare.

If o'er her face a cloud be sometime glooming,  
It is an April cloud that drops warm tears ;  
And then the sky, its brightness fresh assuming,  
Clears present sorrows and prospective fears.

This is true Mercy, gentle, kind, and tender,  
Born of the bosom's native sympathy,  
Which, feeling unto feeling quick to render,  
Lights, as the sun the lake, man's lower sky.

For with soft touch of Nature in the creature,  
In sighs she echoes to the aching heart ;  
And when faint Grief looks up with pallid fea-  
ture,  
The tears of pity from her eyelids start.

And want ye proof this is true Mercy's Sister,  
In whom "the friend in need" the needy  
find ?—

See, turning to her shadow, Pain hath kissed  
her,  
And owned her as true mercy to mankind.

STEPHEN JENNER.

The Vicarage, Camberwell, Jan. 30, 1862.

—*Christian Observer.*

## BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY MRS. HALL.

BURY me in the morning, mother—  
Oh ! let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,  
Ere you leave me alone with the night ;  
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,  
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—  
And you will be here alone, mother,  
And stars will be shining there.  
So bury me in the morning, mother,  
And let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,  
Ere I am alone with the night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother—  
I feel it in my heart—  
But oh ! from this beautiful world, mother,  
'Tis hard for the young to part :  
Forever to part, when here, mother,  
The soul is fain to stay,  
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,  
And Heaven seems far away.  
Then bury me in the morning, mother.  
And let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,  
Ere I am alone with the night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother,  
Till it falls away with thine—  
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,  
Till I feel the love divine ;  
The love divine—oh ! look, mother,  
Above the beams I see—  
And there an angel's face, mother,  
Is smiling down on me.  
So bury me in the morning, mother,  
When the sunbeams flood the sky—  
For death is the gate of life, mother,  
And leads us to the light on high.